

The Nation and The Athenæum

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

HISTORY is being made in Germany with breakneck speed. After the Reichstag had adjourned on the third reading of the Emergency Powers Bill, for lack of the necessary quorum to carry it, the measure got through in the end with unexpected ease, the Nationalists remaining away and a handful of the members present, Herr Stinnes among them, abstaining. Germany is thus saved from the peril attaching to a dissolution and the elections that would sooner or later have to follow—though one peril more or less under present circumstances matters little. The new Finance Minister, Dr. Luther, has produced a scheme for creating a new Bank of Issue, the Rentenbank, resting on a mortgage on the whole of Germany's landed property and industry. While the Rentenbank will issue a new secured currency, which will be accepted as payment by all public offices, the paper mark remains legal tender, and no ratio is at present to be fixed between the old currency and the new. So far as it goes, the creation of the bank seems likely to result in some restoration of stability. It certainly will not bring the payment of Reparations nearer, for the Stresemann Cabinet has very rightly decided that its first concern is with internal financial reform. Till that has gone much further Reparations will have to wait; and Herr Stinnes has been told that the Government cannot at present finance Reparation deliveries of any kind, an intimation which the industrialists have met with the decision to close down their works altogether. The abandonment of passive resistance will thus be followed by a stoppage more nearly complete than ever.

THE full gravity of the situation thus resulting has not yet been fully realized. So far the Ruhr subsidies, while they involved an inflation which sent the mark soaring out of sight, did at least keep the Ruhr population from starvation. Now the subsidies cease and there will be no payment for Reparation deliveries to take their place. That means devastation. Stinnes and his fellow-employers will not find the money for wages. The German Government cannot if it would. M. Poincaré has had that plain fact put before him by the German

Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, and he is to all appearance left considerably embarrassed, as well he may be. The one course open for France is to finance the Ruhr herself, thus making good in a severely practical way the confident assurances of her rhetoricians as to the possibilities of French exploitation of the mines and factories. The harsh truth, of course, is, as an English business man put it to the "Times" Cologne correspondent on Wednesday, that "French participation means participation in losses, in unemployment, and in a period of terrible distress." M. Poincaré appears to realize that, but he can do no more than fall back on empty threats about not considering passive resistance at an end till Reparation deliveries have recommenced. Before the situation thus created the various Reparation plans again floating into public vision—a Belgian one which promises little, and another, still wholly nebulous, attributed to General Smuts—are worth so much waste paper. So are any agreements Herr Stinnes may reach (though none seem likely) with General Degoutte.

THE announcement of the definite flotation of a Russo-British Grain Export Corporation on a 50:50 basis, is one of the bright spots in a sombre world. It will be a strange thing if the reconstruction of Europe begins after all in the East, but this development of trade relations with a nation so vast in its possibilities as Russia goes some way to confirm the theory that it may. Russia, at last, has grain to export. There is no question about that. The only question is as to quantity, which is at least considerable. What she needs is credit and manufactured goods. British banks, under the arrangement now concluded, are apparently prepared to finance the operations of the new corporation up to £1,000,000. That may be enough to set the wheels of normal trade relations rolling against the day when exports can pay for imports, and confidence be engendered that will make ordinary credit terms a matter of course. It is some satisfaction that despite the inertia, varied by active opposition, of the Government, British traders should have had the courage and good sense to go forward on their own account, undis-

turbed by arguments as to recognition of Tsarist debts and the like. France, with the missions of Messieurs Herriot and de Monzie and Bérenger, looked like getting first into Russia after all. But France has little to offer Moscow commercially and we have much. The Soviet Government is sufficiently alive to realities to recognize that.

* * *

THE most recent Italian Notices to Mariners confirm the impression that the Fiume negotiations are proceeding on more amicable lines, and that the recent changes in the internal organization of *Fascismo* indicate the swing of the pendulum towards a less provocative attitude in foreign affairs. At the naval station of the Maddalena, in Sardinia, traffic was normal on October 6th, and notices issued two days later show that all obstructions at Brindisi had been removed, and that considerable progress had been made in clearing the minefield at Spezia. No news with regard to Taranto has yet come to hand; but it is increasingly evident that the precautions taken at the ports were on an extensive scale, necessitating much work before normal traffic could be restored, and it is probable that by now all the ports have been restored to a peace footing.

* * *

THERE is at last some hope of a definite agreement as to the status of Tangier. The French, Spanish, and British experts have agreed on a basis of discussion, and the Three-Power Conference will meet in Paris on Monday. The problem is not an easy one. A large section of Spanish opinion regards Tangier as *terra irredenta*, and demands its inclusion in the Spanish zone. France has been inclined to uphold the authority of the French-protected Sultan of Morocco. Great Britain has stood out for complete internationalization. There is now reason to hope that both France and Spain have modified their attitude. The strategic importance of the place is, in fact, so great that no other solution than internationalization could find general acceptance. Admittedly it presents administrative difficulties; but a definite agreement, with proper financial provisions, should remove the worst evils of the existing dual régime of the Sultan's representatives and the *corps diplomatique*. It is rumoured that Italy desires to be represented at the Conference, but her position differs widely from that conferred by Treaty on the other three Powers. It is probable that, in any event, she would accept as satisfactory a solution providing for complete neutralization, and commercial equality for all Powers.

* * *

THE Geneva conversations between Count Bethlen and the Little Entente have in due time borne their fruit, and the Reparation Commission has invited the League of Nations to frame a scheme for Hungarian financial reconstruction. That this result should have been achieved on the initiative of the Little Entente Powers, who were themselves the fatal obstacles to the adoption of precisely this proposal when it was put forward by Great Britain and Italy a few months ago, is of good augury for the success of the League's endeavours. At the same time the ground has by no means been cleared as yet. The Reparation Commission has not suspended its claims on Hungary. That essential step is postponed till the League presents its scheme, but there can be no reasonable doubt that unless some new friction between Hungary and her neighbours arises in the next few weeks, the liens will be suspended, as everyone recognizes they must be. While the Hungarian scheme will no doubt in its main lines follow the Austrian, it will be in some respects easier, in others harder, to apply. Hungary's financial situation is much less serious than Austria's was. Her crown stands

to-day at roughly 80,000 to the £, whereas Austria's had fallen to 330,000. But that very fact may make Hungary less disposed to accept a financial supervision which Austria was in no position to resent. There is, moreover, no prospect of any such external guarantees for a loan as the Allied Powers and others gave in Austria's case. But the League Finance Commission's warrant of the soundness of a scheme has now a definite market-value, and there is good prospect that Hungary will get the money she needs.

* * *

SIR PERCY SCOTT and Mr. H. G. Wells are keeping the question of Singapore alive. It is not necessary to agree with all their arguments to recognize that they are doing good service. Sir Percy Scott's objections are based on his views as to the uselessness of capital ships. There are many officers as eminent as Sir Percy Scott whose war experience leads them flatly to contradict his views. These are based on a technical question which seems to us of minor importance in the present controversy. There are reasons for doubting whether the proposed expenditure is necessary, even if capital ships are to be sent to the Far East; but the real issue goes much deeper than this. It is that the Singapore policy is, as Mr. Wells says, "flatly contrary to the spirit of the Washington gathering." Some of the arguments used by Mr. Wells in his article in the "Westminster Gazette" would seem to apply almost to any expenditure on defence whatever. It is, unfortunately, impossible to overlook entirely the contingency of a "next war." The point is that the Washington Agreement has gone far to render war a very remote contingency in at least one great theatre of international relations, and it is criminal folly to guard against this remote contingency by measures that make it less remote. We hope that opposition, on these lines, will not be allowed to drop.

* * *

AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT writes:—

"The present exodus of Scotsmen from Great Britain to the United States has drawn the attention of the American people to the disadvantages of a numerical restriction upon immigration. These people are wanted in America and, if a plan could be devised, any number of them would be gladly admitted. The present limitation is three per cent. of the number of any given nationality resident in the United States according to the census of 1920. Under this rule, about 77,000 British are allowed to come into the United States each year under immigrant classification. In 1921-22 this quota was filled in ten months. In 1923-24 it would have been filled in the first six months if the United States Government had not arranged the admissions on a monthly basis. Statisticians estimate that 55 per cent. of the American people are of British origin, and it is greatly desired as a matter of public policy that this percentage should be increased. For reasons of State and international politics, it is not, however, possible to discriminate avowedly in favour of any one nationality, and as the matter now stands, the British are allowed a larger quota than any other nationality. The present law expires in 1924, and Congress must necessarily deal with the question in the coming session. It is proposed to regulate the admissions on the basis of the census of 1910, which would give the British even greater advantage than they have now; for it was in the ten years between 1910 and 1920 that the great rush came of people from Eastern and South-Eastern Europe to the United States, thus bringing the immigration problem to an acute stage with those who feared a possible submergence of Anglo-Saxon ideals and manner of thought."

EVENTS are moving rapidly in the three-cornered dispute between the Ministry of Health, the medical profession, and the Approved Societies. On Monday the Minister of Health sent a letter to the Insurance Acts Committee of the British Medical Association adhering to his previous offer of a capitation fee for panel patients fixed at 8s. for a five-year period or 8s. 6d. for three years, and refusing to submit the matter to arbitration. In reply to this communication the Committee stated that though it would have preferred the method of arbitration or of negotiation it had "no option but to accept the responsibility" imposed on it. On Wednesday the Conference of Approved Societies passed with one dissentient a resolution protesting against the capitation fee offered by the Ministry on the ground that it was too high, and pledged itself "strenuously to oppose any legislation designed to carry such proposals into effect." The Minister of Health thus finds himself between two fires, and would perhaps be well advised to resort after all to arbitration. A conference of delegates representing 13,000 panel doctors was held in London on Thursday, and it was expected that a decision to strike would be reached, but the result of this meeting was not known when we went to press.

SIR MONTAGUE BARLOW unfolded on Tuesday the Government plans for absorbing the unemployed. He announced that the railways, principally the Great Western, were about to undertake schemes of capital expenditure to the extent of between £10 millions and £15 millions; that various concerns were to be granted guarantees under the Trade Facilities Act for constructional work involving about £12 millions; and that "the Government had now decided to sanction further road and bridge development involving an expenditure, to be borne between the State and the local authorities, of some £14 millions." On the other hand, it was impossible to "press on with infinite zeal a vastly extended housing policy" because of the shortage "in many places of skilled men such as bricklayers, plasterers, and stonemasons." Sir Montague was careful to add that "the schemes he had outlined did not involve any interference with the financial policy hitherto pursued by the Government, and he thought it well to emphasize that in this respect no change was contemplated."

THE purpose of this last passage was, of course, to contradict the "little inflation" rumours of the previous week. But what exactly is "the financial policy" which must on no account be changed? The policy which exists officially is, as we have repeatedly pointed out, one of frank deflation; and this policy, if allowed to operate, must nullify the effect on employment of Sir Montague Barlow's schemes, by requiring the banks to curtail credit to private industry as fast as Sir Montague expands it on roads and bridges. If this policy is not to be allowed to operate, why keep it officially alive? The Government ought either formally to rescind the Cunliffe policy, or else tell the unemployed frankly that it is essential that they should remain unemployed in order to restore the pound sterling to its dollar parity. For that, as the Cunliffe Committee themselves recognized, is an essential feature of the deflationary process.

SOME of the big ratepayers in Poplar have with doubtful wisdom started a movement for the withholding of rates in protest against the extravagance of the municipal authorities. It is difficult to see how the Minister of Health can evade the problem of Poplarity much longer. The temporary Act for the partial equalization

of the burden of out-relief over the London area will expire in the spring. It is quite obvious that some form of equalization must be maintained at least for as long as the present wave of unemployment lasts. On the other hand, a continuing Bill would provoke justifiable protest from the more economical boroughs unless it contained some safeguard against the spending of the money transferred by it in a manner which those boroughs would resent. Sir William Joynson-Hicks holds out no hope of an early reform of the London Poor Law system, which would enable money to be raised over the whole area and expenditure to be controlled by representatives of the whole area; but we trust that further reflection will convince him that such a reform is the only way out of his difficulties.

* * *

ON Tuesday the Borstal system came of age. It was at the prison of Borstal, twenty-one years ago, that we began to experiment in the segregated and special treatment of youthful offenders in order that the period of their imprisonment might not render them incapable of leading an honest and useful life. Now there are three Borstal Institutions for boys, at Borstal, Feltham, and Portland, and one for girls at Aylesbury. The treatment of those committed to them is educational rather than punitive, and about 70 per cent. of those who pass through the course of training provided never offend again. Indeed, those responsible for the working of the system hold that in normal times, when employment is reasonably easy to obtain, it should be possible to reclaim practically every offender who is not physically or mentally deficient. If this is the fact, and we see no reason why it should not be, it is sufficient to expose the futility of our penal system as it stands. For though older offenders—many of them being the products of the pre-Borstal era—may well be more difficult to deal with, nearly all of them probably fall into the same two categories of the reformable and the congenitally defective, and in neither case can a term of penal servitude be useful from the point of view either of the prisoner or of the society which inflicts it on him.

* * *

OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENT writes:—

"The political situation in Dublin, which seemed recently to be within measurable distance of some settlement, has taken a decided change for the worse within the last few days. The evidence given in London by deportees seeking compensation for their imprisonment in Ireland has brought to a head the agitation against the conditions which are alleged to prevail in Mountjoy Prison. This agitation is no doubt reinforced by the realization that the Government has no intention of releasing the more important prisoners in the near future. A meeting of the delegates of the new Sinn Féin organization was held in Dublin on Tuesday, and the speeches and resolutions make it clear that the militant party (led by Miss McSwiney) is again in the ascendant. At the same time the announcement was made that practically four hundred prisoners had gone on hunger-strike, and their example is likely to be followed by others. The reappearance of this form of protest on a large scale is the most ominous portent we have had for many months. Another serious agitation of public opinion has been caused by the discovery of the body of Noel Lemass, apparently a victim of the most appalling brutality. The evidence so far given at the inquest has gravely perturbed persons of all parties, and the funeral procession, which took place in Dublin on Tuesday afternoon, was one of the largest which has been seen since that of General Collins."

IMPERIAL PREFERENCE.

FOR the past few years we have been living under what Mr. Asquith has aptly described as a doll's-house system of protection and preference, which, at the expense of various minor additions to the embarrassments of British trade and the burdens of the British taxpayer, has not been without value as an object-lesson in the economic damage and the political dangers which the real thing would entail. The Dominions—or the sections of them which are momentarily dominant—want the real thing, and value the doll's-house only for the promise it seems to give that the real thing will follow later. Their representatives, accordingly, have taken the opportunity of the present Imperial Economic Conference to press for the real thing very strongly. Our Conservative Government, with no "Free Trade prejudices," but with a shrewd sense of electoral realities, reinforced by uneasy memories of 1906 and 1910, has sought to meet this demand by adding, to use Mr. Asquith's phrase again, another storey to the doll's-house. It is, indeed, possible that this will suffice momentarily to assuage the agitation; for the new storey comprises extended preferences on dried fruits, the chief product of the Murray Valley, which the Australian Government has been trying to develop with unhappy financial results. Mr. Bruce, the most insistent advocate of the real thing, will thus be helped by the new preference (at the British taxpayer's expense) out of one of his chief political embarrassments, and cannot afford to appear ungrateful.

But it is plain that the issue cannot be evaded much longer by these devices; and no one has made this plainer than Mr. Bruce himself. Wheat, wool, meat, agricultural produce generally, "that," he tells us, "is what the Dominions produce, and that is what will bring about the development of the Dominions; and it is no good our passing pious resolutions, talking about better preference to the Dominions, and ever dodging what is the great issue." We are grateful to Mr. Bruce for his frankness. Only those who dodge the issue can pretend that Imperial unity will be promoted by the maintenance or extension of preferences of the existing type. The present preferences, if long continued, must inevitably be a source of irritation, and perhaps of serious ill-will. They appear to concede to the Dominions a moral right to Preference, while withholding from them any substantial recognition of it. The benefits, such as they are, are distributed in a most anomalous way between the various parts of the Empire; India, which gives us no reciprocal preference, receiving the greatest benefit, and Canada virtually none at all. Before very long the British people will have to choose definitely between two sharply contrasted courses. Either we must restore in its integrity our traditional Free Trade system, or we must embark on a policy of thoroughgoing preference and protection, embracing duties on foodstuffs and raw materials. Mr. Bruce brings us back to the hard fact which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain acknowledged twenty years ago. "If you want to give a preference to the Empire you must put a tax on food."

Before such a policy the present Government hesitate, as well they may. But they are being pressed towards it by many influences, besides the insistence of the Dominion Premiers. They are confronted by the vehement agitation of the British farmers and the applications for protection which various manufacturing industries have put forward in the last few weeks. Since the farmers urgently demand an immediate statement of policy, and the Safeguarding of Industries Act is due to expire next year, the pressure on the Govern-

ment to make up their minds at once and to formulate a clear-cut, comprehensive, unambiguous policy is very strong. The Protectionist leanings of the Conservative Party are accentuated by the unfounded but widespread belief that the war, in some way, revealed the dangers of Free Trade; and, finally, the idea obtains that the Opposition parties are not likely to fight Protection to-day as solidly and wholeheartedly as they did twenty years ago.

This calculation will, we trust, prove illusory. It is true that some trade unions show a disposition to make common cause with their employers in demanding protection for their own industries. It is also true that "highbrow" Labour is scrupulously careful to preface every condemnation of particular Protectionist proposals by disclaiming any abstract preference for Free Trade; while our able contemporary the "New Leader" was so delighted last week with Mr. Bruce for his reference to the possibility of a "National Purchase Corporation" as almost to forgive him what it mildly termed "the subtle little Protectionist amendments which he has grafted on to it." But we find it difficult to believe that Labour will speak with a hesitating voice when "the great issue" is raised. There is no doubt at all that the Liberal Party will take the challenge up with energy and zest.

The present preferences, and the additions to them which Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame unfolded to the Economic Conference, while they possess no great intrinsic importance, are highly objectionable. For the most part, they take the form, not of imposing new duties on foreign imports, but of remitting established revenue duties on imports from the Dominions. The Government are thus able to claim that they have conferred certain benefits on the Dominions without raising the cost of food—which, regarded electorally, is a distinct point in their favour. But it is the peculiar characteristic of these preferences that they represent the one form of remission of taxation, and consequent loss of revenue to the Exchequer, which affords virtually no relief to the tax-paying public. The prices which the British consumer has to pay for the commodities in question, the main supplies of which come from foreign sources, are not lowered by the Dominion preference; nor is it any part of the idea that they should be; the object is frankly to enable the Dominion producer to obtain a higher price. The transaction is thus essentially a subsidy, paid by the British taxpayer to certain arbitrarily selected producers in various parts of the Empire. If there is any moral obligation upon us to subsidize the Dominions, it would be better done by an open subsidy, recognized as such, and distributed on some kind of equitable plan.

But what obligation is there upon us to subsidize the Dominions? Mr. Bruce answers, in effect, that Australia is already subsidizing Britain to the tune of £7½ millions by the preference which she concedes to British goods. We beg leave to differ. The duties in respect of which Australia grants us a preference are not, as are the corresponding British duties, revenue taxes upon goods not produced at home at all, but protective duties primarily designed to protect the Australian manufacturer, the preference, as the Melbourne correspondent of "The Economist" pointed out last week, "being little more than an ornamental superstructure." In other words, Australia raises her tariff against British manufactures to whatever point the exigencies of domestic protection require, and then puts on against the foreigner an additional 10 to 15 per cent. Unquestionably it is better for us to be treated as we are than as the foreigner is; but Mr. Bruce can hardly be unaware that we would

gladly sacrifice all the preference he gives us in order to secure the Free Trade treatment that we accord to him.

It is an ungracious task to enter into this kind of controversy with our Dominion guests, and to calculate the gains and losses of the various parties from a series of preferential deals. But it is one of the gravest objections to the whole policy of Imperial Preference that such calculations become inevitable. "The British Government," declared Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, "does not approach preferences in any bargaining spirit, any more than the Dominions did when they gave us preferences in the past." Does he imagine that the bargaining spirit can be excluded from these matters? Let Mr. Bruce again give answer:—

"During the last few years in Australia we have had many requests that we should enter into reciprocal arrangements with different countries, by which they offered to give us very great advantages in their market for our primary production in exchange for advantages they asked in our market for their manufactured production. We have turned all those down and have refused to listen to them. We say the whole basis of our trading arrangement is to try to ensure, as far as we can, the Australian market for the British manufacturer. But one must stress that while we are determined to pursue that policy in the future as far as we possibly can, our own economic necessities might drive us to a point where, to some extent, we should have to relax it, or we should be bringing disaster to our own country and to our people."

A few months ago, in Australia, he was somewhat more blunt:—

"It would be serious to Britain if because of her negligence we were forced to make reciprocal trade arrangements with some other country, which would then be the outlet for our surplus production. I do not for a second imagine that that will happen. I sincerely hope it will not. We must, however, look at the facts."

We would remind Mr. Bruce that Britain has been accustomed in the past to expect and to receive "most favoured nation" treatment from foreign countries, in virtue of her Free Trade system. If Mr. Bruce, a sincere Imperialist, means to threaten us with less than this, it well illustrates the damage to Imperial unity which the propaganda and practice of Preference are likely to achieve.

THE POLICY OF THE "DAILY MAIL"

EVERYONE is aware of Lord Rothermere's fidelity to the policy of M. Poincaré. Upon other issues of the day, his attitude is less widely known. As his opinions are shortly to become the mental diet of a greatly extended circle of readers, the exact working of his mind is obviously a fact of first-rate importance, deserving some research and record. We therefore supply for our readers' convenience a brief account of the varying reactions of the "Daily Mail" to the discussions on Imperial Preference last week.

On Wednesday, October 10th, the "Daily Mail" reported Mr. Bruce's speech under the headlines (in unusually thick type) "Mr. Bruce Puts It Plainly. Empire Markets and Men. It is no use our dodging the great issue." That these headlines were meant to be approving was made clear by the leading article on the opposite page, entitled "Is Anything Going to be Done?" This praised Mr. Bruce as a "young, forceful, energetic man," who "means to get something done," and added "he is perfectly right." It emphasized the importance of "building up an immense inter-Imperial commerce," by securing for the Dominions "a more favourable market than that which they possess under our present economic system." The article

declared that "the steps we have so far taken are ludicrously inadequate and amateurish," hinted that the Government's new proposals belonged to the same category, and proceeded as follows:—

"There appears to be a belief in some quarters that the Prime Minister is bound by a pledge to make no change in fiscal policy during the life of the present Parliament. However that may be, the British people will expect to see a serious plan of action unfolded within the next few months. Prepossessions and prejudices must be put aside. We want action, not theorizing."

It all seemed quite straightforward and in character. It was to be Hats Off To Mr. Bruce.

On the next day, Thursday, October 11th, the leading article was headed "The Food Taxes Menace." It announced the discovery that "some of the Prime Ministers of the great overseas Dominions have come here to ask us to tax our food imports from foreign countries in order to give a big preference to their own food products"; and it proceeded, with a lavish use of italics, to declare "*We cannot do it. . . . Our food must come in free. . . . We desire to warn Ministers, and especially those who are wobbling, that duties upon primary foodstuffs will not be tolerated for five minutes.*" It would be natural to suppose that the more discerning readers of the "Daily Mail" must have observed a change of tone, and perhaps have felt a certain sympathy for the wobbling Ministers; but the paper thought it safe to add: "The 'Daily Mail' takes an unhesitating stand against any form of food taxes, however disguised, and in doing so it adheres to the principles which have guided it from its earliest days."

But in the precipitancy of its recoil it had somewhat overshot the mark. To denounce "any form of food taxes, however disguised," was inconveniently emphatic. Moreover, it had sneered again at the British Government's "paltry and trivial" proposals to give "a little advantage to dried fruits and tobacco produced within the Empire." This, in the circumstances, was to come very near an orthodox Free Trade standpoint; and further correction was therefore necessary next day. On Friday, October 12th, the leading article informed us that "the Government has quite rightly proposed preferential duties for Colonial dried fruits and currants and tobacco. But let them keep their hands off food taxes of a more serious kind."

Still, the "Daily Mail" was not quite satisfied. It is a poor thing to say ditto to the Government. On Saturday, October 13th, the leading article declared:—

"The Cabinet has done well to make these concessions (to the Dominions), and there are others on the same lines which should be considered. The British Government, for example, holds a large proportion of shares in the Suez Canal. Is there any reason why, from the profits on these shares, it should not remit the Suez Canal dues on British and Australian ships carrying Australian food and raw materials to this country? This would aid the Commonwealth in its competition with the Argentine."

Meanwhile, the "Daily Mail" did not forget the case of the British farmer. "Help the Farmers," it cried, "But Don't Tax Our Food." The farmers were to be helped instead by a bonus of 2s. a bushel on their wheat. Nor was this all. The Agricultural Tribunal's proposal to prohibit the importation of foreign potatoes except under licence was declared to be (October 13th) "an excellent proposal," which "ought to be put into operation as soon as possible."

To complete the story, it may be well to add that on Monday, October 15th, the leading article, entitled "No Reduction of Taxation! The Chancellor's Speech," enjoined him to enforce, "whatever happens, a policy of drastic economy and resolute suppression of waste."

THE FUTURE OF GENERAL SMUTS.

THERE is no element of surprise in the fact that the proposals put forward at the Imperial Conference to rescue Germany from the deadly grip that threatens its existence should emanate from General Smuts. Whether those proposals will infuse into the British Government the necessary courage to act firmly and decisively, remains to be seen. Whether, if the Government do so act, the rescue of Germany is now possible, is open to doubt. But in any case, the action of General Smuts gives him, not for the first time, a significance and a prominence in the public mind that claim attention at this moment. It is no disrespect to the other members of the Conference to say that General Smuts is its most remarkable figure. It is no disrespect because the romantic and extraordinary circumstances of his career attach an unprecedented interest to a personality in itself of quite unusual force and originality, and this at a time when the resources of British statesmanship are more impoverished than they have been in living memory.

The events of the past nine years have played havoc with the reputations of our public men. It is not an exaggeration to say that of all those who were prominent in the public life of the nation ten years ago not one has survived scatheless the tremendous ordeal of those years. The future may restore some of them to their former prestige. It may palliate their failures, see with a juster and clearer vision the difficulties that confronted them, and apply to their actions a more generous spirit than contemporary judgment can exercise. But whatever verdict history may pass upon the actors in this stormy time, it is idle to deny that by current opinion they have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. They are broken idols who cannot be put on their pedestals again or look to recover the confidence which they once commanded. Between them and the past in which they served their country with apparent success and with public approval, a great gulf is fixed, and for the tasks that lie before us the demand is for men who are free from complicity in the events that led up to the catastrophe, free from responsibility for the conduct of the war, and free from all part and lot in the enormous failure of the peace. It is because of this sense of disillusion and the demand for a new start with the new instruments, that the personality of General Smuts commands so much attention at this time amongst those who are most sensible of our deficiencies and most concerned to supply them from whatever quarter they may be available. The other day Mr. Garvin nominated General Smuts for the Foreign Secretaryship. Others have spoken of him as a possible British Premier, and everywhere the feeling is expressed or latent that in a time of such emergency as the present so conspicuous a potentiality should find his field of service at the centre rather than at the circumference of things.

It may be objected that General Smuts was not wholly dissociated from the failure of Paris, and that he was personally involved with Mr. Lloyd George in the most lamentable and even discreditable incident of that failure, the inclusion of war pensions in the total of Reparations. It is true that he only gave the opinion of a lawyer consulted as to the legality of the inclusion, and that his expressed and notorious sentiment favoured the imposition of reasonable Reparations; but the fact, nevertheless, stands out as the most conspicuous blot on his record.

In other respects that record is singularly free from stain. Had he been in authority at Paris instead of in a subordinate capacity, there cannot be any doubt in an informed mind that the history of the past five years

would have been profoundly different; that instead of leaving President Wilson to be manacled and destroyed by more supple minds he would have co-operated with him in imposing a just peace, and that the tragedy of Europe which we are witnessing to-day would have been greatly modified if not entirely averted. As it is, he shares with Mr. Wilson and Lord Robert Cecil the lasting honour of having framed that Covenant of the League of Nations which still stands, however feebly and uncertainly, as the only hope of a reconstructed Europe and as the instrument for ultimately undoing the wrong done by the Treaty of Peace. He signed that Treaty under protest, as the only means of escape from what he considered to be a worse alternative, the disruption of the Conference and the immediate collapse of Europe into unthinkable disorder; but he accompanied his signature by a public declaration that amounted to an indictment of the Treaty—a declaration which, in the light of subsequent events, reads like a judgment upon its authors, and which still embodies the only inspiration for the future. One passage from this memorable document will convey its spirit:—

"The promise of the new life, the victory of the great human ideals, for which the peoples have shed their blood and their treasure without stint, the fulfilment of their aspirations towards a new international order, and a fairer, better world, are not written in this Treaty, and will not be written in treaties. 'Not in this Mountain, nor in Jerusalem, but in spirit and in truth,' as the Great Master said, must the foundations of the new order be laid. A new heart must be given, not only to our enemies but also to us; a contrite spirit for the woes which have overwhelmed the world; a spirit of pity, mercy, and forgiveness for the sins and wrongs which we have suffered. A new spirit of generosity and humanity, born in the hearts of the peoples in this great hour of common suffering and sorrow, can alone heal the wounds which have been inflicted on the body of Christendom."

There is a disposition in some quarters to regard General Smuts not as insincere, but as "slim" and elusive. It is a not unnatural view, on a superficial reading of the man. No one certainly would charge him with excessive simplicity. Behind the frank address and the smiling candour of the light blue-grey eyes there is the sense of hinterlands that are not revealed, and of a wary and cautious mind that looks well before it leaps. His valour, to which many an heroic episode on the battlefield has borne witness, has the quality of discretion in it; and there are few men in whom impulse is more completely under the subjection of a cool and calculating mind. But there has never been an occasion since the signing of the Peace of Vereeniging when his native wariness has been a ground for distrusting the large and enlightened motives that have governed his policy. He fought like a brave man to the bitter end for the cause of that nationalism in which he had been reared, but when the end came he accepted the consequences as boldly as he had resisted them before, and turned all the energies of his powerful mind to healing the wounds of war and to building up a South African confederation from which all racial bitterness should be purged. He became the architect of a constitution that is held to be the best model of such an instrument that the world offers; and he has worked it in circumstances of almost unparalleled difficulty with a wisdom and inflexibility that have made the concession of self-government to South Africa the most shining chapter in the history of the British Empire. His whole-hearted acceptance of the British connection was never in doubt, and when the European war came and General Beyers rose in rebellion against that connection, he wrote to Beyers: "I cannot conceive anything more fatal and

humiliating than a policy of lip loyalty in fair weather and of neutrality and pro-German sentiment in days of stress and storm." In that spirit he suppressed the rebellion, and later undertook the task of driving the Germans from their African strongholds.

But it would be a mistake to assume that it was a sense of loyalty to an agreement alone that governed the thought and activities of General Smuts in those stirring years. His capacious mind had passed out of the narrow orbit of nationalism into the larger atmosphere of world ideas. He saw that in modern conditions a rigid nationalist isolation was an impossible policy, and that the easy yoke of the British Commonwealth offered the best security for the peaceful development of his country. I have reason to know, too, how largely his attitude during the war was influenced by his fear that a German victory would lead to the thing he most dreaded, the militarization of the African native. It is not difficult to conceive the feelings with which, having spent himself so ungrudgingly to avert that danger, he now sees vast tracts of the African continent converted into recruiting grounds for the French army, and the natives fleeing to neighbouring territory to escape a service that, in Europe at all events, kills them like flies.

But concerned though he is for the future of Africa, that interest is not the sole preoccupation of General Smuts. He sees it only as a part of the common problem of the world's peace. He brings to the solution of that problem, not merely an experience in affairs that no other living statesman possesses and a record of success that few statesmen in the past can equal, but an instructed passion for the cause of reconciliation, a trained capacity for handling great and complicated questions, and that coolness of judgment without which enthusiasm, however sincere and well-meaning, may become a peril. The struggle to restore Europe to sanity has only begun, and in that struggle this country must sooner or later play a decisive part. But we need men of vision and men of power for the task before us. We need General Smuts. His work for Africa is done. His future belongs to the world.

A. G. G.

THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF DEMAGOGY.

By NORMAN ANGELL.

[This article and another by Mr. Norman Angell which we shall publish next week were written before the purchase of the Hulton newspapers was announced. Their bearing on that transaction is, however, obvious.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

I.

For a large economic interest to become linked to the maintenance and encouragement of some common human weakness is nothing new in our society. The position of the liquor traffic at certain times will occur to one as a typical case. There has grown up in recent years another great economic interest (by its very nature in a position to exercise enormous influence in a much more direct fashion than the liquor trades could), which is pushed, as an indispensable condition of sure and rapid profit-making, to maintain and develop certain passions and weaknesses socially much more destructive than the taste for strong drink. At no time did we ever see alcohol take such possession of whole nations and groups of nations for years together that Governments and people alike indulged in orgies of self-destruction and drank

themselves back to barbarism. But the moral and intellectual drunkenness that in recent years has prompted one nation after another to adopt policies which each had condemned as madness and wickedness when followed by others, threatens the very foundation of our civilization. (Testimony to the fact is now so common that repetition of it has become hackneyed and wearisome.) This failure of public sanity, of sound social judgment, is a disorder of public opinion not, we now admit—especially after recent history in Italy and France—peculiar to Germany. The evil results have come to the surface of late mainly in the international field; but the evil goes a great deal deeper than a mere error or fallacy in one department of politics, and it includes a good deal more than Nationalism or Jingoism. We have seen that the public mind of whole nations can become, on all sorts of subjects, unbalanced; may lose the capacity for that collective good sense without which we certainly cannot live together in material security or moral satisfaction.

It is here suggested, not that the Press is the cause of this lack of balance in public judgment (for the cause must include deeply rooted, anti-social instincts of human nature), but that a certain section of the Press is pushed as a first condition of its existence to intensify the human weaknesses which lie at the root of most public folly, to render them more unmanageable, to become the exploiter and developer of immensely dangerous disruptive forces. This does not, of course, apply to the Press as a whole—"the Press" must include an infinite variety of publications. But it does apply generally to that section which is organized into great industrial combinations involving capital running into millions, and which must consequently, in order to pay dividends, maintain enormous circulations at all cost, and so take the shortest possible cut to exciting the interest of all and sundry—factory girls, schoolboys, tea-shop waitresses—in any public question which may happen to come up.

It is not a question of the shortcoming or folly of a particular owner, a Northcliffe or a Rothermere. If there had been no Lord Northcliffe the social problem presented by the industry of which he was so eminent a captain would have been no less acute. The problem is hardly less great in America and in France, although the circumstances of newspaper production there differ in important details from the circumstances of the British industry. It is not a matter of personalities, or particular people or groups, but of fundamental human forces acted upon in a certain way. Let us see in what way.

Note first a few points which may help in understanding the nature of that "public insanity" just touched upon. During the war most people other than the Germans were amazed at the complacency with which a whole nation acquiesced without protest in acts and policies which we were sure no civilized people outside Germany would have sanctioned. The non-German was amazed, that is to say, if he conveniently forgot that Anglo-Saxon communities in Texas and Alabama and other Southern States had for years, in times of profound peace, acquiesced in the roasting alive and obscene torture of helpless and often quite innocent men (and women), or was oblivious to French conduct not only during the Terror, but in the suppression of the Commune in the lifetime of men now living. In their turn, the Virginian and the Frenchman, moved by the chivalry which is the tradition of both, simply could not understand the British Cabinet's implied defence of Black-and-Tan conduct in Ireland. They were shocked as deeply and genuinely as were subscribers to the fund for the Hero of

Amritsar at the notion that a British Government should "shake hands with murder" by giving a *quasi* recognition to the "assassins of Moscow." During the Dreyfus case most British and Americans were forced to conclude in all seriousness that "France had gone mad," as later we declared Germany to have gone mad. We have talked since of the "insane" hatreds of the Irish or the Bolsheviks or the Balkan peoples. An Englishman who reads the story of lynchings in the Southern States, with their thousands of excursionists coming by train to see a negro's tongue torn out before he is burned alive, can only conclude that these people are mad or unspeakable ghouls.

Now we know, as a matter of fact, that these people—whether French, American, English, or German—are not ghouls; they are not mad; they are not cruel; they are not stupid. In 90 per cent. of the relations of life they are sensible, kindly people. But we also know that there is a point, one phase in their relations with their kind, at which they can be cruel or stupid or mean beyond all adequate description, and that, unhappily, the 90 per cent. of wisdom does not prevent the 10 per cent. of madness from carrying the day in the case of public policies which may cause immeasurable destruction and misery.

Now note the way in which competition for circulation operates, and must operate, in the case of the popular Press at the precise point where sanity or wisdom is in danger of being swamped by certain universal passions. If the mind of the community is not to become unbalanced, if the public is to "keep its head," it will be on one condition: that the part of the truth which feeds easily aroused passion—details of negro crime or German atrocity or what not—is balanced by the part of the truth which passion does not like to face—as that Whites or Allies, as the case may be, have been guilty also of very evil things; that the enemy has done much good as well as ill; that A. should not be punished for B.'s crime; that a party to a dispute should not be judge. Only by having those truths brought vividly to the mind at the moment when it is most likely to forget them can crude instinct be guided or checked by a social intelligence taking cognizance of experience.

Now, here lies the heart of the difficulty. At a juncture like that just described, a popular paper, far from finding profit in doing what the public interest demands, must, on pain of extinction by vigilant rivals, do the exact reverse. Far, that is, from restraining passion by invoking intelligently interpreted experience through a picture of the whole truth, it must, in pursuit of elementary interest, still further distort truth: it must make a part obscure the whole, must hide the facts which might restore the mental balance.

Here is a Southern community where, for a generation, lynching has been a scourge; or a French capital passing through a period of anti-Dreyfusard or anti-German Chauvinism pregnant with mischief for Europe; or a German generation infected with a dangerous militarist mysticism; or an Irish population aflame with anti-Popery; or a Balkan community with some patriotic hate. We, detached outsiders, see clearly enough that, in each of these cases, the group at a given point is not sane. Minds are unbalanced because one part of the facts has been obscured by another part. Yet what line must be followed by a popular paper desiring to guard its circulation against the inroads of a rival? The Southern paper which, at times of passion on the subject, should, in its selection of news, be so negrophile, or a French paper so Germanophile, or a Northern Irish one so pro-Catholic as to bring into prominence the group of

facts which, beyond all others, are indispensable to popular wisdom, would inevitably lose circulation as against a rival which went on enlarging that part of the facts already too large in the popular mind and scrupulously excluded the truths already too much overlooked. A paper which, during the war, refrained from printing dubious German atrocity stories could not hope to do as well as one which appeared with alluring tales of German corpse factories. Thus, in the competitive process, a vicious circle is established. Public taste calls forth from the ingenious editor corpse-factory stories; these, inflaming the temper of the public, render that public less able to hear patiently or to give any consideration to the facts which might offset in their minds the effect of the atrocities. The editor finds himself obliged to be progressively one-sided. It is not, be it noted, a matter of expressing editorial opinions, but of selecting the facts which the readers shall know. Given the facts which the French Press has been printing this last year or two about Germany (and England), French policy is entirely reasonable and sane; our views would be identical with theirs if we read nothing but what the French have been reading. But the point is that a Frenchman, having to choose between two papers—one that told all the facts about Germans and Germany (and all the facts about France) and one that told only those which went with the grain of his passionate feeling—would, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, choose the one which confirmed his prejudice. No man likes to read a paper which by the facts that it relates creates an uneasy feeling that his opinions are unsound and his prejudices mean or stupid.

An important distinction should be noted. There are papers—"Manchester Guardians" among dailies, and in all countries a number of "high-brow" reviews—that do in some measure deal with the whole truth. But if the great newspaper trusts, the vast industrial organizations like the Associated Newspapers, the Amalgamated Press, the Hulton or the Beaverbrook combinations, the Hearst Press in America, had to live on the patronage of the class of readers which is prepared to hear both sides, those big concerns would be utterly bankrupt. They certainly could not pay dividends on capital running into tens of millions sterling; their advertising space would not be worth a thousand pounds a page. The industry simply could not exist on a "Manchester Guardian" basis of circulation. The "Daily Mail," or the Hearst Press, lives by dealing in a form of politics, when it deals with politics or public questions at all, which will appeal most readily to the tens of millions, to the tea-shop waitress or the schoolgirl typist. That is to say, it must touch some feeling easily aroused; must not puzzle them by upsetting conceptions that have become familiar; and must present so simple a case that it will hold attention in competition with the rattle of Tube and factory, or the fatigue of the day's end. And though the waitress or typist may be as capable, inherently and potentially, of sound political judgment as the country parson and the retired colonel who were such large constituents of public opinion a generation ago, modern conditions, both as they affect the readers and the newspaper industry itself, not only give native common sense and individual judgment less chance as against mass suggestion than did conditions a generation or two ago, but the unwisdom of the million is politically much more serious and dangerous now than it was then.

The interaction of these various factors is worth a little further elucidation.

(To be concluded.)

LIFE AND POLITICS

ON Thursday of next week, at the conference of the National Unionist Association at Plymouth, Mr. Baldwin is to deliver a speech which is heralded as "of great importance." We hope that it will deserve that description, and fear very much that it will not. Will Mr. Baldwin tell his party and the country what, if anything, he is going to do to carry out the policy foreshadowed in his Notes to France? Will he say what happened when he met M. Poincaré? Will he deal with the problem of unemployment a little less superficially than Sir Montague Barlow? Will he state decisively what interpretation he puts upon his predecessor's pledge that there should be no important fiscal changes during the life of this Parliament? Or will he just talk about the simple faith that is so much more important than Norman blood, about courage and taking risks, and "whether pigs have wings"?

A MINOR instance of what Mr. Norman Angell calls "the selection of news" occurred in the "Daily Mirror" of October 15th, which contained the following paragraph:—

"Mr. C. A. McCurdy, M.P., stated that he had been greatly cheered by what he saw in the newspapers that morning. He thought the country was now in a fair way to get out of its difficulties. They had a League of Nations abroad and a league of newspapers at home. He welcomed these things as a stage in the evolution of civilization."

The "Times" report confirms the fact that Mr. McCurdy used some such words as those attributed to him by the "Mirror," but it represents him as continuing in this strain:—

"The Press had long been called 'the Fourth Estate,' but he did not think that the Press had ever really risen to the greatness of that designation, and he did not see how the Press could rise to it so long as they had the remarkable spectacle of different organs of the Press expressing different opinions. (Laughter.) The modern Press had been likened to the mediæval Church, which had a tremendous influence on the minds of the people for two reasons—first, because it spoke with a united voice; and, secondly, because it was infallible. There was no doubt about the Press being infallible, but up to the present it had not spoken with a united voice. (Laughter.) He looked forward to the time, which seemed now to be dawning, when the Press, under unity of command, would speak with one, and no uncertain, voice, and when Parliament would be put in its proper and secondary place. (Laughter.)"

The unhappy readers of Lord Rothermere's journals must not, it seems, be allowed to know that there are mortals who dare to poke fun at his proceedings.

PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO writes:—

"The English-Speaking Union, the Pilgrims, and other admirable institutions for improving relations between England and America, seem happily to ignore that almost insuperable obstacle—language. French can be translated into German, German into French; frontiers, however closed politically—barriers of hate, however high—are invaded and surmounted by armies of insidious and revealing books. But English and American are never translated into one another, and the field of misunderstanding becomes daily more limitless. It is not a question of slang—slang is always equally comprehensible and incomprehensible—but of plain words which meet you unsuspecting and unwarned—words from which differing and divergent meanings have slowly trickled, whose associations and echoes—bloom, overtone, aroma, call it what you like—have been completely transformed by the pilgrimage further and further west. And it is that compound of sound and

sense which makes a word and gives it a significance stretching far ahead of its meaning which widens every day the gulf between the two countries."

DURING the last few years the heart of many a sensitive traveller has gone out to posterity in sympathy as he has observed the spate of war memorials which is being inflicted on it. The Fell and Rock Climbing Club, however, have succeeded at one and the same time in rendering conspicuous service to future generations and in commemorating their fallen members in a manner sublimely fitting. They have presented to the nation 3,000 acres in the heart of the Lake country, and the area thus perpetually preserved for the public includes a large part of Scawfell, Kirkfell, Green Gable, and Glaramara. In "some inconspicuous place" on the summit of Great Gable a tablet is to be placed giving the names of the twenty adventurous men who risked and lost their lives in the supreme adventure of their generation.

Not only the climbers of the future will have reason to be grateful for this gift. That large proportion of people who prefer to enjoy the beauty of the hills from the valley, or from roving little higher, are assured of the right to enjoy that beauty in this conspicuously lovely spot. There is no other way in which this right could be absolutely assured. The private owner from whom the Club has bought these Fells is generous and public-spirited, but as Mr. Acland said, when accepting the gift on behalf of the National Trust, "a man may be able to guarantee his ancestors—but not his descendants." The difficulties which have arisen in connection with a section of Hampstead Heath show how precarious may be a privilege which depends upon an individual. And there is always the possibility that a public department, as at Lulworth, may be moved by its passion for beauty to practise mountain warfare, or to pursue some other project inconsistent with the continued presence of the public, in surroundings so congenial. These Fells are now safe from landlord, commercial exploiter, or bureaucrat, for so long, in Mr. Acland's words, as the British people respect the statutes of their country.

THE gallant enterprise undertaken by the British Federation of University Women in seeking to acquire Crosby Hall, the fine fifteenth-century banqueting hall, which now stands on the site of Sir Thomas More's garden on Chelsea Embankment, as the nucleus of an international hall of residence for women graduates, must have the sympathy of all who care for beautiful buildings and for the cause of education. The London branch of the Federation has now promoted a particularly attractive course of lectures, to be given in the hall itself, in order to raise money for the endowment fund. The first was to be given on Friday in this week, by Miss Eileen Power, on "The Nuns of St. Helens," and three still remain. They are "Atmosphere in Fiction," by Mr. Walter de la Mare (Friday, November 2nd, at 8.30 p.m.); "Saint Joan of Arc," by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw (Friday, November 16th, at 8.30 p.m.); and "Ye Cryes of London in the Time of Shakespeare," by Sir Frederick Bridge and a small chorus (Friday, November 30th, at 8.30). It should be particularly entertaining to hear Mr. Shaw on Joan of Arc, in view of the recent rumours that he is engaged on a play about her. Tickets can be obtained from Miss C. Jamison, 14, Cecil Court, Hollywood Road, S.W.10.

OMICRON.

THE REDISCOVERY OF PAGANISM

By CLIVE BELL.

It is a pleasant, and to me novel, experience to find myself made welcome in Bond Street. It never happened before this summer; but it is never too late to learn what it must feel like to be Mr. Berenson. The reason why I am kindly received is that, like all reputable critics, I have for years been urging the rich to buy pictures by the French impressionists. The rich—the English rich, I mean, who in matters of art are always some thirty years behind the times—at last give signs of making a start; and the dealers to meet the anticipated demand have laid in a stock of Renoirs, Manets, Monets, Sisleys, Degas, and even Cézannes: naturally, they hope that the reputable critics, of whom I am one, will continue to urge.

As a matter of fact, now that they are off, the rich will not need much urging, I fancy; for not since the end of the eighteenth century have they had such a chance of buying what they know to be right and at the same time like genuinely. Not since Fragonard have the taste of the *beau monde* and good painting made so happy a match. Indeed, to me the odd thing is that the match was not made years ago; and I can explain it only by supposing that till lately the great still went in too much fear of middle-class earnestness to revel frankly in that paganism which they recognize in impressionist painting, and which is, I believe, the quality that draws them most strongly to it. It is a genuine and delicious quality, and they appreciate it genuinely. Ordinary cultivated people rarely enjoy wholeheartedly æsthetic qualities pure; they would never care much for Mantegna, Raffael, and Ingres were it not their duty to; but, mixed with other more appetizing qualities, fine form and colour are by no means distasteful to them, and the impressionists offer colour and form of the loveliest, saturated in the sweet, delicious wine of newly tapped paganism.

The cultivated rich seem at last to have discovered in the impressionists what the impressionists themselves rediscovered half by accident. They rediscovered paganism—real paganism, I mean—something real enough to be the inspiration and content of supreme works of art. Paganism, I take it, is the acceptance of life as something good and satisfying in itself. To enjoy life the pagan need not make himself believe that it is a means to something else—to a better life in another world, for instance, or a juster organization of society, or complete self-development: he does not regard it as a brief span or portion in which to do something for his own soul, or for his fellow-creatures, or for the future. He takes the world as it is, and enjoys to the utmost what he finds in it: also, he is no disconsolate archaeologist spending his own age thinking how much more happily he could have lived in another, and what a pagan he would have been on the banks of the Ilissus. No, paganism does not consist in a proper respect for the pagan past, but in a passionate enjoyment of the present; and Poussin, though he painted Bacchanals galore, would have been quite out of place in the world of Theocritus. Your true pagan neither regrets nor idealizes: and while Swinburne was yearning nostalgically for "the breasts of the nymph in the brake," Renoir was finding inspiration for a glorious work of art in the petticoats of the shopgirls at the "Moulin de la Galette."

I am talking about art and artists, mind you. There have always been plenty of people to delight in shopgirls' legs; but only an artist can get far enough away from, without losing hold of, this agreeable theme to transmute it into a thing of beauty. The common

man when he tries to handle it is merely prurient or pornographic. In Renoir's pictures or Manet's there is no taint of anecdote or reminiscence, nothing of Félicien Rops or Van Dongen. They make you feel surely enough that the scene—be it dance or picnic, promenade or bar—is joyous, that "the atmosphere" is delightful; but both are far too much artists to hint at any particular feeling of their own for the model, considered not as a form but as a particular human being, or, worse still, to invite you to share it. All they have to express comes in to them through form and colour, and through form and colour goes out. If you want to mark for yourself the difference between the feeling of an artist for the gaiety and romance of Montmartre in the latter part of last century and that of someone who was not, you need only turn first to a picture by Renoir (e.g., "Le Moulin de la Galette") and then to Mr. George Moore's reminiscences (e.g., "The End of Marie Pellegrin"). The artist never brags and chatters; he creates: whereas all that Mr. Moore can do is to insinuate what a devil of a fellow he was, *calida juventut, consule Felice*.

I said that the impressionists rediscovered paganism half by accident. They came at it through, of all things in the world, a doctrine—the *plein-airiste* doctrine. One hardly realizes how contrary to all the rules it was—I don't say it never was done—for a painter, before the impressionists, to take his canvas out of doors and there complete his picture. Corot himself never made more than sketches *sur le motif*, and I think the same is true of Constable and Courbet. Daumier, to be sure, went into the street; but to seek, not its beauty and movement, but its tragic significance: if any precursor of impressionist paganism there be, assuredly he is not Daumier. Still less is he that occasionally admirable painter Monticelli, who had no sense of actuality at all; but perhaps there is something to be said for the claims of Constantin Guys. The impressionists at any rate, in search of *le motif*, took their easels out with them; took them into the streets and public gardens, into the country, into railway stations, down the river; and in the *motif* itself had to find an inspiration to fill their canvases to the brim. For another impressionist doctrine—dogma, one might almost say—which made for the rediscovery of paganism was what contemporaries of Claude Monet were pleased to call the doctrine of scientific representation. Claude Monet insisted that the artist should paint only what he saw; he was to put nothing into his picture but what was visible in the object. Now, at a picnic or a *café-chantant* an artist cannot really see nobility or pathos or "the light that never was," he can only "think them in." But the impressionists were forbidden to think anything in, so they had to peer hard into picnics and *cafés-chantants* to find some purely visual quality that would suffice to fill a work of art. They found beauty; and, bettering their instructions, added a lyrical quality—their delight in beauty. They stared and stared again at contemporary life, and the more they looked at it the more they liked it.

The consequence of these *plein-airistes* and pseudo-scientific theories was that the impressionists gave a vision of life at one remove—transformed by a temperament, that is to say—instead of giving it at two, as the artist must who works from studies and adds sentiments in a carefully arranged north light. Compare any picnic or garden scene by Renoir with some picture of a fête by Watteau, and you will see in a moment what

I am driving at. The impressionist painter is so much closer to reality—not in representation, of course, but in sentiment—that by comparison Watteau seems almost to be giving us the picture of a picnic on the stage. I am not suggesting that there is any superiority in the impressionist method—I do not think there is: but I am suggesting that it led directly to the rediscovery of paganism. The impressionist painters had to extract all the beauty and significance they required from their surroundings: they could depend neither on the intellectual additions and transformations nor on the traditional technical enrichments of the studio; nor were they permitted to eke out an artistic living by drawing on the dignity or picturesqueness of their theme. History and exoticism were taboo. In contemporary life they had to find all that they required, and contemporary life was lavish beyond their needs; so naturally they fell in love with it, and made the most exquisitely civilized of their generation and ours share their emotion.

When I say that the impressionists fell in love with their surroundings I use the expression advisedly. At their best they are as lyrical as Fra Angelico himself:—

"The world is so full of such wonderful things
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

And you must remember that the wonderful things of which the world was so full had for years been considered inappropriate, if not inimical, to art. Turner, to be sure, had painted a Great-Western express rushing over the Thames at Maidenhead in a rain-storm; but there is no question here of accepting contemporary life, the work being—as its title confesses—a poem in praise of rain, speed, and steam, rather than the picture of a locomotive crossing a railway-bridge. Generally speaking, it is true to say that the implements and fashions of the nineteenth century had been assumed to be without artistic significance. They were uninspiring: they had no secret for the poet's ear; they were ugly—Ruskin said so. Turn to back numbers of "Punch" and you will find "our artist" protesting in horror against the railway-trains, iron bridges, factory chimneys, and steamboats to which "the manufacturer" would draw his attention: for all I know, the sort of artist in whom Mr. Punch believes protests to this day, and for all I care. Be that as it may, in the middle of last century it was certainly held that stage-coaches, sailing-ships, classical antiquity, and mediæval costumes were beautiful, and that contemporary apparel and means of locomotion were not. Now, when the ordinary objects of everyday life are held to be insignificant and incapable of provoking emotion, you may have a great, austere classical art, or a literary and romantic, but pagan art you cannot have. It was the impressionists who gave us that by discovering the beauty of their surroundings, snapping their fingers at Monsieur Ingres, ignoring Ruskin, and overlooking Jehovah.

The impressionist painter was in love with his world. He was in love with the absurd little horse-cab that took him to the *gare St. Lazare*, with its yellow body and its driver's shiny white hat. He was in love with the streets and the passers-by and the garish shop windows and the architecture of the boulevards even. He was in love with the station when he got there, with the book-stalls and the piles of luggage and the tall carriages and the puffing locomotives. He was in love with the cuttings and embankments and bridges, and the ridiculous little villas seen from the window, with their palisades and vegetable plots.

"Mon dieu, mon dieu, la vie est là,"

burst out the most enchanting, though most penitent, of their poets. And their pagan lyricism was not for the landscape only. You can follow them into the little banal *gargote*, and delight in tumbler of red wine half-filled and broken bread and meats and fruit-parings and

matchboxes on a white cloth. You can linger over the loveliness of blue cigarette-smoke, of the ladies' funny little frocks, and the sombre, would-be correctness of the bearded gentlemen. You can clap your hands in ecstasy (*à la Ruskin*) as a steam-tug passes under the bridge and a railway-train potters over it. The world is so full of such wonderful things: the world is lovely: life is delicious.

This is paganism: and this joy in the beauty of what the orthodox considered ugly came to the impressionist painters, I think, largely because they took their canvases out of doors in the laudable determination to paint only what they saw, and to find in that an adequate inspiration. They refused to find in what philosophers call "external reality" a means or a symbol; they loved it for itself, and were rewarded with a copious gift of the very stuff of art. This unpretentious, and unpremeditated, paganism is, unless I mistake, what has endeared and still endears them to so many sensitive people who, as a rule, care little for painting. But what makes so many of their pictures masterpieces is, of course, the individual genius of each painter for creating an appropriate form, a combination of lines and colours, in which to envelop and externalize his emotion. May I add, by way of footnote, that, though we, amateurs, are at present thoroughly in the mood to delight in the paganism of the impressionists, the best of our painters are not; or, at any rate, are themselves anything but pagan, being pensive rather and disposed to abstract construction along traditional lines? The severely æsthetic qualities of the great impressionists—their colour and drawing—are what they admire, when they admire them at all. Though our "surroundings"—clothes, vehicles, buildings, utensils, &c.—are considerably different from those of the 'seventies and 'eighties, Henri Matisse alone of contemporary artists has, I think, done for them what the impressionists did for theirs. He, and perhaps Bonnard (sometimes called the last impressionist), are to-day our only pagans; they are as great as any of their contemporaries, but they are not representative of the contemporary movement.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CONFLICTING PRESS REPORTS.

SIR,—We are more glad than we can say that Mr. Ward Price has attempted to answer our letter, even though the process has produced more heat than light. In this letter we pointed out the mutually contradictory nature of the accounts given by him in the "Daily Mail" and the "Times" correspondent in his paper of the rioting in Düsseldorf on September 30th. (We earnestly recommend interested readers to study both accounts; they appeared in the respective papers on October 1st.)

Comment on Mr. Price's letter falls naturally under three headings, viz., the personal issues raised, the mutually contradictory nature of the reports, and the question of which was true.

Mr. Price says that our letter was not only "abominable slander," but "mean," too, because it was anonymous. We have not the slightest objection to our names appearing; we signed them all, not knowing whether the editor would print a pseudonym or the whole eighteen names if he thought it worth the encroachment on his space. We fear the names would not help Mr. Price in finding a motive for our action; they belong to no political or journalistic party; they are simply the names of a number of plain men and women disgusted with falsehood and anxious to see it exposed. Mr. Price can have them all by applying to the editor of

THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, or of his own paper, the "Daily Mail."

Mr. Price complains that the political colour of the organ in which our charge appears shows clearly that it was levelled at the "Daily Mail." We sent our letter to the "Daily Mail" as well, but apparently it was not in the interests of that paper to publish it.

So much for the personal issues. We shall now examine what Mr. Price has to say to the real matter raised in our letter, viz., that his account and that of the "Times" are irreconcilable. This he says he does not accept. He takes, for example, our charge that this account "made no mention of the horrible action imputed to French cavalry squads in the 'Times.'" Mr. Price says "the only words in the 'Times' which might be twisted into imputing 'horrible action' to the French were: 'The French remained impassive.'" The following is just one example of horrible action, word for word as it appeared in the "Times": "I had just re-entered the hotel, thinking everything was over, when perhaps the most horrible incident of Düsseldorf's 'Red Sunday' occurred. Twenty French cavalymen led by a dozen men of the 'Rheinwehr' galloped up to a Green policeman on duty close to the hotel, surrounding and disarming him. When this was done, the Separatists turned on the disarmed man with leaden pipes and beat him to death. The doomed policeman covered his face with his hands and sank to the ground. . . The French remained impassive, and when it was over the Separatists shook hands with them." Comment is superfluous.

Mr. Price takes as further evidence that his account and that of the "Times" are not irreconcilable our statement that "there is no mention (in the 'Mail') of armed Separatist forces" (of which the "Times" made much); and an obscure sentence in his report which read, "I did not see anybody offer any resistance (to the police) with the exception of a few young men who sheltered at street corners and returned the fire with revolvers." He further excuses himself for not stating or apparently knowing that these men were Separatists by saying, "one cannot identify a man's political opinions by his appearance." Apparently, mentioning (not even in the front page report) a few young men sheltering at street corners, whose political opinions were not discernible, is what Mr. Price considers equivalent to telling us, as the "Times" did, of armed Separatist "storm troops" or "Rheinwehr" being the first to gather in deserted Düsseldorf, then marching along the streets, one section going direct to the Hindenburg Wall, the other escorting the main body of unarmed Separatists from the railway station, and later, "from behind every tree and around every corner," firing at the police.

Does Mr. Price really consider these accounts reconcilable? And does he really want us to believe that he was the only one of the numerous witnesses who was not acute enough to detect that the Separatist troops were: (1) Separatists, (2) organized armed forces, (3) more numerous than "a few young men sheltering at street corners"?

Mr. Price further asks what is our grievance when we object that the headlines and summary account on the first page in the "Daily Mail" make no mention of any fighting between Communists and Separatists before the police intervened. On the second page there was tucked away an admission that the Communists appeared first and a few shots were exchanged. "Headlines and summaries cannot give every detail." No. But they can and should give the most significant facts, so as to form at least a roughly true picture of the whole. The "Daily Mail," in its first-page account, gives one quite definitely the impression that the German police turned out to suppress a political demonstration by a mass of harmless citizens, and did so with a savagery that made their names anathema to their own countrymen and the French the "idols of the townsfolk."

Finally, there is our charge that Mr. Price's account made no mention of the extremely significant fact that every political party in Düsseldorf except the Communists had resolved to stay indoors during the demonstration, and did so stay. Mr. Price professes to doubt whether they did so effectively. That is a question of fact on which his colleague of the "Times" takes the exactly opposite view. But that

Mr. Price omitted to state this important resolution of all the political parties but one, remains unanswered.

The third heading under which we wish to consider Mr. Price's letter is that of which account was nearer the truth, his or that of the "Times." Subsequent reports give valuable evidence on this score, and on the worth of the "Daily Mail's" private reply to us. The burden of this reply was that Mr. Price's version was to be accepted because he was a journalist of great experience and reputation, while the identity of the "Times" correspondent was unknown. Happily, we have now not only the accounts of other reputable journalists to enlighten us, but in the same issue of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM that contains Mr. Price's letter there appears Mr. Guillebaud's able exposition and his conclusion that the truth "is in complete contrast with the misrepresentations published in the French Press and in its servile mouthpiece, the 'Daily Mail.'"

In conclusion, we suggest that if the "Daily Mail" is sure of its cause, it will now publish the two disputed accounts and the subsequent correspondence.

We take pleasure in stepping out of the obscurity that so pained Mr. Price, and sign ourselves,—Yours, &c.,

L. ZILLIACUS,

W. B. CURRY,

D. R. SMITH,

Three of the "Eighteen Readers."

Bedales School, Petersfield.

LORD GREY'S LETTER TO THE "TIMES."

SIR,—May I send at least one reader's thanks for Mr. Keynes's reply to Lord Grey in your last week's issue? Yes, that is the point which too few have had the candour to make—we must find means to defeat the destructive purpose of French policy. Hitherto the timidity of official Liberalism, added to the weakness and lack of moral force in the Government's policy, has helped to make our national record in regard to the Ruhr war deeply humiliating. Thank God, at least some voices—e.g., your own, Mr. Keynes's, the "Manchester Guardian's," Mr. Leyland's, Mr. Morel's, Mr. Wedgwood's, Mr. Hobson's—have expressed with some passion the miserable anger with which we have had to watch the law we rely on being strangled.—Yours, &c.,

W. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

Eagles' Nest, Zennor, St. Ives, Cornwall.

October 16th, 1923.

A RHINELAND REPUBLIC.

SIR,—Has not the time come when we might state the terms on which we would be willing to hear arguments about a new Government for the Rhineland?

- (1) France to contribute Alsace-Lorraine.
- (2) All troops—French, British, and German—to be withdrawn from the area.
- (3) No military recruiting allowed within the area; the inhabitants free from all military service or taxes in lieu of service.
- (4) The Treaty of Versailles to be declared *ab initio* invalid, on the ground that some of the signatures were extorted by threats of violence.
- (5) All financial claims against England, France, or Germany for damage by invasion, by occupation, by blockade, or by other interference since July, 1914, to be referred to the High Court at the Hague.
- (6) The Rhineland area to be governed by a standing joint commission representing, say, as to half its members the area governed and, say, one-sixth each representing France, Germany, and the League of Nations respectively.

Can we have an honest discussion on some such basis?—Yours, &c.,

HUGH RICHARDSON.

CURRENCY POLICY AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

SIR,—Whether or not the proposals of Commander Burney would raise the general price-level depends upon whether they would increase the amount of currency in circulation, and this would depend upon the amount of

money spent and how it was raised. If raised by means of a loan it would probably represent nothing but a diversion of money from one form of enterprise to another, and need not affect the general level of prices in the slightest degree. But for precisely the same reason it might not affect the amount of unemployment either.

Suppose, however, that the Government printed one hundred millions in Treasury notes and spent them in building houses, railways, roads, and other public utilities. This increased currency would come into competition for the amount of goods available. It would find its way into the banks and would be made the basis for issues of additional bank credits, particularly if the Bank Rate were lowered to a level corresponding to the present state of trade. Given also a definite assurance from the Government that they intend to finally abandon the suicidal policy of deflation, manufacturers and merchants would begin to buy freely, and the result would be a rapid absorption of the unemployed. When they were practically all absorbed stabilization could be substituted for inflation, and there need never be another slump so long as stabilization is successfully maintained.

No other justification is needed for this policy than the quantity principle and the elementary fact that business men buy freely on a rising market, and buy as little as possible on a falling market. It was a policy of inflation which enabled us to absorb the millions of men demobilized after the war so rapidly that by April, 1920, the unemployed trade unionists numbered only 0.9 per cent. All the other belligerent nations had the same experience. Neither the state of the exchanges, the position in Central Europe, nor the condition of Russia prevented it, and only those countries have experienced a slump since which followed the policy of deflation.

It may be safely predicted that little will come of the demands for the Government to absorb all the unemployed in works of public utility, because most of them cannot be so employed. They consist largely of clerks, typists, tailors, bootmakers, and workers in similar trades, who are quite unfit for employment on roads, railways, or houses. They can be employed only as the result of a general revival of trade, and given such a stimulus to trade as is suggested they would be absorbed automatically. We shall grapple successfully with the problem of unemployment only when we cease to ignore the most elementary facts of the situation. The remedy for unemployment is available whenever we like to put out our hands and take it; and surely it would be better to face the trifling disadvantages involved in a rise of the paper price-level than face the prospect of two million people existing in a state of semi-starvation during the coming winter, while society looks on in childish helplessness and attempts to soothe its conscience by demanding that the Government shall do utterly impracticable things.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES EDWARD PELL.

21, Westbourne Avenue, Acton, W. 3.

October 14th, 1923.

[Commander Burney and Mr. Pell both appear to labour under the illusion that if the Government, in instituting works of public utility, adopt the unusual and highly inconvenient course of paying contractors in newly printed currency notes, the effect on trade and employment would be magically different from what it would be if they paid by cheque in the ordinary way. The notes, however, would be returned promptly to the banks, where they would remain, unless the public needed them; nor would this do more to increase the power of the banks to lend than if the Government financed the undertaking by a Ways and Means Advance. What Mr. Pell is really proposing is (1) to undertake fresh works of public utility, and (2) to raise the maximum limit of the fiduciary note issue. We are in favour of, and have advocated, both courses. But we repeat that the practical limits to the former course are very narrow, while the latter means no more than the removal of a check which has not operated hitherto, except indirectly by affecting confidence. To associate these proposals with details based on a misunderstanding of how currency gets into circulation adds nothing to their efficacy, but a good deal to the prejudice which they arouse.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

DANGER TO HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

SIR,—May I ask you to find room in your paper for a protest against an injury to Hampstead Heath which really concerns all Londoners?

Before the first securing of the public rights over the Heath, more than one part of it had passed into private hands, and, amongst others, a certain part on the road to North End, which is now known as "The Paddock." This remained, during his lifetime, in the hands of Mr. Hoare, and he not only kept it unbuilt on, but used to lend it for cricket matches and other forms of public entertainment. But at some time or other he sold it to Lord Leverhulme. For a time Lord Leverhulme not only kept it unbuilt on, but carried on Mr. Hoare's liberal practice of lending it for public entertainments. But as Lord Leverhulme's house was gradually enlarged he desired even more land near it, and he threatened to build on the Paddock unless the Borough Council would support him in securing a lovely corner of the Heath and the right to close down a footpath which goes under a bridge erected to join two parts of his estate. Much discussion followed this proposal, but at last, finding his proposal was unwelcome to many of his neighbours, Lord Leverhulme withdrew it. But the desire of some Hampstead people to secure the Paddock has led our present Mayor to reopen negotiations with Lord Leverhulme. His lordship answers by renewing his old proposals, but with the difference that he asks more of the Heath than before. The rest of the story is told in the following resolution:—

"The Northern Heights Footpaths Association, which has endeavoured for thirty-five years to preserve the public rights in footpaths in the northern parts of the district, entreats the Hampstead Borough Council to reject the proposal now before them to surrender the public rights over the footpath on the left side of the road leading to the north front of Lord Leverhulme's house and the path going under the bridge between Lord Leverhulme's grounds, and to secure from destruction the picturesque piece of the Heath to the north of Lord Leverhulme's house. The Committee submit that any nuisance which may occasionally arise in connection with the footpath above mentioned can be as easily dealt with by the police as any similar nuisance in other parts of the Heath, and they would warn the Council that such a surrender of public rights might be used as a very dangerous precedent on future occasions."

Several petitions against the scheme are being signed in Hampstead.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens,
Hampstead, N.W. 3.
October 12th, 1923.

ACTING AND LITERARY VERSIONS.

SIR,—F. B. does not, I think, quite succeed in clearing up the "muddled state" to which "all the chatter about playmaking" has reduced dramatic criticism when, in reviewing Mr. Granville-Barker's latest literary play, he states that "The best plays are the plays which read best," and that "The drama is merely a special branch of literature."

The muddled state arises from the peculiar modern failure to appreciate the difference between a play which reads well, being in complete literary form, and a play which acts well, being dependent on acting for its completion. The drama is a thing done; the theatrical is the visible. How, then, can it be merely a branch of literature? It is not a form of literature at all, but essentially a plastic art. The literary version is, strictly speaking, an imitation form of drama. This may appear at first sight a paradox, but it was a self-evident truth to the actor-dramatists of the Renaissance who "wrote up" their plays only after they had ceased to act them. The complete literary version they recognized as unactable.—Yours, &c.,

ENID ROSE.

32, Hampstead Way, N.W. 11.
October 13th, 1923.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

LORD CURZON'S TRAVELS.

"THE publication of the history of Herodotus of Halikarnassos has this object: to prevent time from destroying men's memory of what has happened and the fame of great and wonderful acts of Greeks and Barbarians." With these words, as everyone knows, Herodotus begins the book which was the first history and the first travel-book to be written by a European. The Rev. William Beloe, who translated Herodotus at the end of the eighteenth century, has the following footnote on this sentence: "The simplicity with which Herodotus commences his History, and enters immediately on his subject, has been much and deservedly admired, and exhibits a striking contrast to the elaborate introductions of modern writers. It is not, however, peculiar to Herodotus; it was the beautiful distinction of almost all the more ancient authors."

It may seem too far a cry from Herodotus of Halikarnassos to Lord Curzon of Kedleston, but the comparison is inevitable to the reader of Lord Curzon's book, which has been published this week under the title "Tales of Travel" (Hodder & Stoughton, 28s.). There is something about Lord Curzon and his work which compels comparison only with the highest. It is the small psychological straws in a book which show which way the wind of the writer's mind and character is blowing, and it is, therefore, a significant fact that this book leaves the impression that one has just been speaking to a man who has travelled round the world and never met anyone lower in rank than a Maharaja. The central figure is a Marquess, and around him revolve Amirs, Amenophis III. of Egypt, an Emperor, a King of Italy, the lesser fry of Maharajas and Sheikhs, the giant waterfalls of the world, and the Singing Sands of three continents. After 220 pages in such company, one arrives at a page with the heading "Humours of Travel," and a sub-heading "The 'Pig and Whistle' at Bunji," and I must confess that I was deluded by the opening words and by a photograph into thinking that at last I had reached a "tale of travel" of which the hero was to be as low in the social scale as a plain subaltern. But no—the hero was once more the Marquess, and the heroines were "a number of great ladies whom I knew well in England—Georgina, Countess of Dudley; Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland; Lady Warwick, and others whose names I cannot now recall."

LORD CURZON'S style is also very significant. Even when he makes a joke—and there are some really good jokes in the book—it is written in a style which makes one feel that it should, in the writer's opinion, become immortal. I wrote last week about Lord Morley, and I noted, what to me is a rather remarkable fact, that, though a statesman and politician, and therefore presumably an orator, he was, as a writer, singularly immune from rhetoric. Lord Curzon is also an eminent statesman, a distinguished politician, and notoriously an orator. But his literary style, unlike Morley's, has not escaped the contagion of rhetoric; his jokes are not only written as if to be inscribed upon tables of stone, but also as if they were to be addressed to an audience in the Albert Hall. Nor can he be said to exhibit that "beautiful distinction" of simplicity which the Reverend Beloe discovered in Herodotus and "almost all the more ancient authors." His style is what our forefathers used to call "elevated," that is to say, the words used and the way in which they are joined together belong to a plane considerably above that of the common speech of common men. In Lord Curzon's case the worn-out cliché about the style being the man is possibly true; if it be, he must have attained a plane of speech and

existence upon which few, if any, other human beings could breathe in comfort. When, for instance, he wishes to say that the subalterns on the Indian frontier called their lonely bungalow the "Pig and Whistle," the thought clothes itself in the following words:—

"With a somewhat forced jocularity, seeking to invest this dingy meeting-place with the simulacrum of a tavern, its frequenters had christened it the 'Pig and Whistle.'"

And here is a peroration with which he ends a scientific discussion of the two statues of Amenophis III., one of which was the "vocal Memnon":—

"There they sit, the two giant brethren, scorched by the suns of more than three thousand summers, ringed by unnumbered yearly embraces of the wanton stream. By their side Stonehenge is a plaything, the work of pigmies. They are first even among the prodigies of Egypt; more solemn than the pyramids, more sad than the Sphinx, more amazing than the pillared avenues of Karnak, more tremendous than the rock idols of Aboo-Simbel. There they sit, patient and pathetic, their grim, obliterated faces staring out into vacancy, their ponderous limbs sunk in a perpetual repose, indifferent alike to man and Nature, careless of the sacrilege that has been perpetrated upon the mortal remains of the royal house whose glories they portrayed, steadfast while empires have crumbled and dynasties declined, serene amid all the tides of war and rapine and conquest that have ebbed and flowed from Alexandria to Assouan. There they sit, and doubtless will sit till the end of all things—*sedent aeternumque sedebunt*—a wonder and a witness to men."

It is only fair to say immediately that even Lord Curzon does not attempt to maintain style and sentiment upon this elevation throughout his book. The book is indeed a very amusing one, and I feel that, having quoted the purple patch of a peroration, I should also show the author in a lighter mood. To extract the plums from the pudding of a man's reminiscences is always rather a mean proceeding, but here is a plum, describing a conversation between Lord Curzon and Li Hung Chang at Hatfield, with so fine a flavour that it can be turned more than once upon the tongue with enjoyment:—

"While we were being photographed on the terrace, he suddenly asked me once again how old I was; and upon my replying that I was thirty-six—'Dear me,' he said, 'you are exactly the same age as the German Emperor.' I acknowledged the impeachment, whereupon he continued as follows:

"LI HUNG CHANG: The German Emperor, however, has six sons. How many have you?

"CURZON: I have only recently been married, and I regret that so far I have none.

"LI HUNG CHANG: Then what have you been doing all this time?

"To this question I admit that I could not find, nor even now can I suggest, an appropriate answer."

I HAD intended, when I quoted Herodotus at the beginning of this page, to say something about books of travel in general and Lord Curzon's in particular, but now I find that Memnon, Li Hung Chang, and Lord Curzon himself have already filled my space. I have only room for one reflection. The pleasure which one gets from a good tale of travel is usually romantic; sitting in our armchair, we are carried by the skilful author to far-off places and strange peoples. Lord Curzon's volume is, no doubt, a good travel-book in this sense; it entertains the reader, however, not only by the facts which it relates, but also by revealing the author's reactions to them. And in so doing, it shows that strange peoples and distant countries are not more entertaining than the secret places and the strange inhabitants of the human mind.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

THE ORIGINS OF RELIGION.

The Origin of Magic and Religion. By W. J. PERRY. (Methuen. 6s.)

Greek Religious Thought from Homer to the Age of Alexander. By F. M. CORNFORD. (Dent. 5s.)

MR. PERRY'S book is small but notable. It is the first attempt to popularize a new outlook in mythological method. The Reader in Comparative Religion in the University of Manchester stands as protagonist of what he himself calls the "historical" as contrasted with the old "evolutionary" school.

Take a simple instance. All over the religious world the use of incense is broadcast, from Cadiz to Cathay, from Catholic to cannibal. How is this to be explained? The old evolutionist says human nature is much the same everywhere; it develops, evolves on similar lines. Man everywhere liked a pleasant smell, felt its use in drowning other and unpleasant sacrificial smells, in veiling uncouth sights. Later he felt the mounting incense to be a "symbol" of purification and prayer, directing the heart and aspirations of the worshipper. No, says the historical mythologist. This is all too vague and fanciful. The use of incense is known to have started in Egypt. The Egyptian, when he had mummified the corpse, dressed and painted it to exact resemblance of the dead man, felt that something was missing—the damp humours of the body, its living smell, stronger in the East than with us. He poured libations to supply the humours, he burnt incense to give the living smell, to help the body to its full immortality. It was the immortality of the body, not of the soul, that he desired. It is the immortality of the familiar body that the Christian still hungers for—"Yet in my flesh shall I see God." The acolyte at the Roman Mass when he swings the censer is, though he knows it not, waiting the living perfume to the resurrected Body of his God.

Fortunately this interpretation of the function of incense is made quite certain by texts of the Sabbatic Pyramids of the Fifth and Sixth Dynasties, first interpreted by Mr. Aylward Blackman. We could wish, and we are sure Mr. Perry would echo the wish, that every other theory in the book were as solidly substantiated. Incense then, first used in Egypt, land of resinous perfumes, spread far and wide, taking with it the doctrine of immortality born of mummification. Mummification itself, possible only in the dry air of Egypt, arose there and begat special doctrines and peculiar ritual. These doctrines and ritual, loosed from the practice of mummification, were spread by direct borrowings over a great part of the known world.

Why is Egypt, not Babylon or Crete, made the starting-point of religion and civilization? For the simplest of practical reasons. All the primitive civilizations were founded on irrigation; dry cultivation always comes later. But the Nile irrigation alone is perfect, because without the help of man it is capable of food production. Long ago the American School of Mythologists saw that primitive religion focusses round what are called "food-centres," or, as the Freudian would put it, religion is the outcome of desire. In the Nile Valley we can trace religion from palæolithic days down to the Pyramids. Palæolithic man has already advanced to a sort of religion, or rather, to that magic which is everywhere the mother of religion; and he has left records in the "Aurignacian" caves and rock shelters of Spain and France. He buries his dead in red-coloured earth; cowrie-shells from the Indian Ocean are in ritual fashion deposited round the body, two on the forehead, one by each arm, four at the knees; to these are added the teeth of beasts of prey. The red earth, Professor Elliot Smith has shown, is to give him back his life, the blood he has lost; the wild beast's teeth are to defend him from his foes. And the cowrie? Her explanation is due to Mr. J. W. Jackson in his fascinating "Shells as Evidence of the Migrations of Civilization." She is *concha Veneræ*, source of all life, its mother, its creator, *a similitudine pudendi muliebris*. So far will a chance resemblance carry primitive man. The life-giver *par excellence* is buried with the dead man. Cowries as life-amulets were in immense demand. They became, and still

are, current coin. The coin still placed in the dead Greek's lips is not the fee to Charon; it is the last surrogate of the life-giving cowrie.

The *food-gatherer* of the Aurignacian period was content with life-giving amulets and with the shell-mother, the womb of all creation. He had, it would seem, no gods. Gods are connected with kings, and kings with calendars. The first king was the discoverer of the lunar calendar. The story is a long and complex one, but it cannot now be fully discussed, for the book before us, being a popular one, is necessarily undocumented. It must suffice to say that Mr. Perry makes out a fair case of probabilities which is on all fours with what we know of the making and the sacrificing of king-gods and god-kings. The kingship made an immense stride forward when it was found that the king need not be sacrificed for his people, but that the people could be sacrificed to renew the life of the king. And now the main issue remains. Granted that Egypt was the starting-point, what caused the world-wide distribution?

The primary impulse was, of course, material needs. Egypt had need—for a civilization ever increasingly complex—of copper, of cowries, of emery, gold, and the like. The first objective seems to have been Punt, and the earlier archaic civilization was fairly compact—Egypt, Crete, Mesopotamia, Elam. But in the Sixth Dynasty, when the Sun-Worshippers—"Sons of the Sun," as they called themselves—were in power, some stronger impulse set the adventurers further afield, to Cadiz and Britain in the West, to furthest India and China in the East. The impulse this time was spiritual, not merely material. It was the push of a great idea. The belief in immortality had brought with it the conviction that somewhere here on earth was to be found a Paradise, a Garden of Eden; a place of "life-givers" where man might find a Tree of Life and waters of perennial youth. In a word, the Sons of the Sun are the megalith builders who have scattered their dolmens over Europe, and the megaliths are but Egyptian mastabas.

This archaic civilization of the Sons of the Sun, the megalith builders, sometimes took permanent hold, as in the kingdoms of China and Japan, where sky worship, sun worship, ancestor worship, are still State institutions. Elsewhere the influence was transitory, but it left always legends of culture-heroes, beings who descended from the sky, who had come and gone, leaving gifts behind them, and who might come again. As such a reappearing culture-hero Cortez was welcomed in America.

Such, in brief, is Mr. Perry's theory. It is romantic, it is inspiring, it correlates many familiar facts. It is revolutionary. The writer boldly scraps, *quâd* method, the work of all his predecessors. Frazer's "Golden Bough" and Tylor's "Primitive Culture" are to him, from the methodological point of view, valueless—mere storehouses of facts for a new generation to plunder. The present reviewer, oldest of old evolutionists, is ready and eager to scrap her own accumulated indiscretions, but obviously, before foundations so broad can be securely laid, an immense amount of spade-work remains to be done. No mythologist must neglect to read this book, and every specialist is bound to review his own conclusions in the new light.

The reviewer closes Mr. Perry's book feeling rather dizzy. He has been whirled in an excited, all but delirious, dance over quaking continents. When he opens Mr. Cornford's, it is with relief, for his feet are planted on firm ground. It is a book essentially and necessarily of documents preceded by an interesting preface. To the choosing and translating of the documents has gone much labour and ripe scholarship. The Pindar selections make us wish that the author would give us a complete prose Pindar. No one could do it better. The extracts range from Homer to the Christian Fathers. We have noted only one important omission. Under the heading "Mystical Religion," it might have been well to include a portion of the *Confessio S. Cypriani* preserved in the "Acta Sanctorum." In it S. Cyprian records his own experience when initiated by seven hierophants into certain obscure mysteries on Mt. Olympus: how he was initiated into the decay and birth of herbs and trees and bodies; and how he beheld choruses of *daimones* chanting and warring, lying in ambush, and the like. The curious passage was exhumed by Mr. A. B. Cook in his "Zeus" (p. 110), and deserves to be made widely known. Mr. Cornford's preface is full of interesting things. He

discusses the shifting meanings of *theos* in Greek and the difficulty in translating the word. He concludes "something not ourselves" may be taken as the lowest common measure of the usages of *theos*. In dealing with the conception of Fate he well shows—and it needed showing—that Fate to a man is not only the outside compulsion of circumstance; it is felt also as the positive compulsion of a violent passion which a man does not identify with his conscious "self," but, on the contrary, resents with all the force his "will" can command. In a word, one element in Fate, is the submerged self, the subconscious. Mr. Cornford knows his Freud.

Classical scholars will all read this preface with pleasure and profit. The style—sedate and in the best sense elegant—is, after Mr. Perry's, a refreshment. The new historical school are not highly gifted for literary exposition. They have little sense of form and plot. But, in closing Mr. Cornford's book, we remember his earlier works, his "From Religion to Philosophy," his "Origins of Attic Comedy," and we would ask: Will he not, while youth is yet with him, quit for a space the Groves of Academe and once more blaze fresh tracks through untrodden thickets?

JANE E. HARRISON.

POETS AND POETRY.

The Art of Poetry. Seven Lectures by WILLIAM PATON KER. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 6s.)

THIS book, by the late Professor of Poetry at Oxford, should be read by all who are students of poetry. Less notable, perhaps, for the views of the writer than for the store of learning behind them, it is a book which, though it never illumines the secret places, is remarkable for breadth of common sense and a pleasant lack of hobby-horses. So many of our professors have some pet to defend, some enemy to defy, that in the course of these processes they lose sight of the real objects in view, and are content to belabour the quick and the dead. But Professor Ker is animated by a real love of poetry, for which more sins than his apparent disparagement of Shelley would be forgiven him. Then, too, how refreshing is his appreciation of Pope! The essays on the latter poet, on Matthew Arnold, and on Romantic Fallacies are the most interesting, though all the lectures repay the most careful reading. The one from which the book takes its title is, to my mind, a trifle dull, because, though the subject is of such importance, it deals with facts that are familiar to most readers of such a volume in a not very concrete, or very inspired, fashion.

To an ardent admirer of Shelley and his work, Professor Ker's lecture on him is often very irritating. The writer deplores Shelley's "too many ways of thinking," by which, no doubt, he meant the keen political intelligence and humane social conscience that, in this instance, were allowed to accompany poetic genius of the highest order. No doubt a purer art, such as that of Keats, is equal to any poetry-with-a-message-in-it, but since this is what the public—and the professors—are always demanding, it seems unfair of them to complain when they get it. But it is a curious fact that while the Anglo-Saxon races are constantly insisting on the importance of the message, apparently regarding the poet as a messenger-boy between Heaven and the suburbs, nothing can exceed their fury if the message is an unexpected or unaccustomed one, as it was with Shelley, Blake, and Walt Whitman. Accusations of madness, blasphemy, and immorality resound in the air, and only many decades after the poet's decease, when his message has been absorbed, or is respectable and established, does this rather disgraceful clamour die down.

Professor Ker proceeds to write of "The Cenci":—

"All the fallacious spirits that were always tempting Shelley into romantic excursions have here been ignored. The solid work stands on its own base—an absolute repudiation of his luxurious dreams. He did not know that he had won through to imaginative and creative freedom. He falls back in 'Epipsychidion' to his indulgence in a fanciful paradise: the weakness of it hardly needs the cruel biographical documents to bring it out."

At first sight this appears simply stupid, and as showing that instinct against beauty which drives our respectable nation to homicidal mania every time a great poet appears.

This may sound exaggerated, but the lives of the poets are usually written by respectable literary men, whose object is to praise the poet's private life and make his peace with the public. The minimum is thus heard of any persecution he may have met with. In this connection I may, perhaps, be allowed to digress. A few months ago I sat next at luncheon to a fine old English gentleman of eighty-six years of age. His appearance was magnificent, his manner perfect, and he told me how much he had enjoyed his ample life, and added that if a man was unpopular it was his own fault. "I have no sympathy," he remarked, "with the men who don't get on in life—or boys who don't get on at school. I remember my first term at Eton; the head boy called us all together, and pointing to a little boy with a mass of curly red hair, said: 'If ever you see that boy, kick him; and if you aren't near enough, throw a stone at him!' A fellow named Swinburne," he added. "I don't know what became of him, but for a time he used to write poetry." Biographers, please note!

But if Professor Ker underestimates Shelley, he, at any rate, appreciates Pope, doing full justice to the pomp and strength of his verse. We do not find here the usual nonsense about its emptiness. "The narrow sound of satire," if I may use a phrase of Swinburne's—he writes—"opens out to a large sea; the beauty of his satiric poetry is its reflection of the whole world, not steadily, or as the great masters render it in epic or tragedy, but with all the lights of the greater modes represented here and there—so that anywhere you may be caught away, for a moment, to different regions." And Professor Ker then quotes the magnificent lines from "The Dunciad":—

"Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restor'd:
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall."

It is a relief to find a critic acknowledging the beauty of Pope's verse, after the schoolboy sneers to which we have been accustomed for the last fifty years. "The beauty," says Professor Ker, "is in its living variety." And again: "He aims at beauty; and 'The Rape of the Lock,' a poem with no substance at all, is nothing but grace; the astral body of an heroic poem, pure form, an echo of divine music, how thin and clear!"

OSBERT SITWELL.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH AND HENRY FORD.

The End of the House of Alard. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

Spell Land: the Story of a Sussex Farm. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. New Edition. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)

Little England. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. New Edition. (Cassell and Nisbet. 3s. 6d. each.)

A NOVEL is very much like a piece of machinery, and the best way of finding out whether it is good or bad is to ask the question that one asks about a machine. That is, does it do the work it is designed to do, and does it do it in the most economical way?

These questions are a great help in dealing with the works of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith. They do the work they set out to do, but not economically. The machine is sluggish; it jolts, and on stiff hills it can only creep forward after changing into low gear.

The subject of "The End of the House of Alard" is the break-up of a large landowning family, who no longer serve any useful function in the community. One after another the members of the family sacrifice themselves to keep the estate together, but the two youngest break away—the youngest daughter by marrying a farmer, the youngest son by becoming first a mechanic, then a monk. After the death of his two brothers, he sells the estate and retires to his monastery, and that is the end of the House of Alard. It is a fine subject, and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith does make something of it. The plot is interesting, the construction and succession of events admirable, so that the interest of the reader is held, not "from the first page to the last," but through the main body of the book. Occasionally the author moves us by some simple passage full of truth and understanding (for example, after Mary has been seen off

to the station); more often we are given what is merely conventional.

The writing itself is unequal—some pages good, some bad, and some indifferent. One is forced to conclude that Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, like most of her readers, does not care very much about style. That is to say, she is not at the mercy of a cold-blooded lust for absolute perfection of result achieved by extreme economy of effort. In the moments of crisis in the story this really matters; it is then that one meets with such passages as these:—

"As he knelt beside Stella, in a silence which was like a first kiss, so old in experience did it seem, in spite of the shock of novelty . . . the half-forgotten romances of his childhood were beginning to take back their colours and shine in a new light."

" . . . The learned judge asked questions that brought shame into the soft, secret places of Mary's heart."

" . . . I want his love, his kisses, his arms round me. . . . I want to give . . . oh, father, father . . ."

" . . . Oh, don't, Gervase. It isn't that. Can't you understand? It's—oh, I suppose all women feel like this—not big enough . . . afraid. . . ."

But the test of a good novelist, or a good motor-car, is to be able to take the hills on top gear and even to accelerate going up them. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith and the Ford car will go up any hill in Sussex, but it is not the manner in which they do it that we most admire.

DAVID GARNETT.

CHINESE POETRY.

The Works of Li Po. Done into English Verse by SHIGEYOSHI OBATA. (Dent. 10s.)

ONE would not have supposed that ancient poetry could have survived the queer ways in which we pronounce it. Catullus would not understand me if I were to say to him the line "Nescio; sed fieri sentio, et excrucior." Yet it is inconceivable to me that his contemporaries can have got a greater pleasure from his poetry than I do—a pleasure, too, that depends quite as much upon sound and rhythm as upon meaning. When one comes to Homer the mystery deepens. There are Latin lines which one might possibly say almost right; "Vivamus, mea Lesbia"—even an ancient Roman could not fail to understand (particularly if, like Dr. D—, one remembered to say *vivamus*). But of the unreformed, old-fashioned Greek which we adults learnt, probably no one more ancient than Dr. Johnson would understand a single word; and the young, who might, in these improved days, learn to read Greek, if not as Homer spoke it, at least as the Association of Classical Masters recommends—the young learn Freud or engineering instead.

How it is that Homer survives being read as though he were English, as though he were French, as though he were modern Greek, I cannot explain; *c'est le mystère*. Mr. Obata's book raises a similar problem. How comes it that modern Chinese and Japanese (Europeans we may for the moment leave aside) derive so much pleasure from poetry which they pronounce hopelessly wrong? Take, for example, the poem translated on p. 166 of Mr. Obata's book. In modern Chinese (Peking dialect) it would read:—

"Po fa san ts'ien chang
Yüan ch'ou ssu ko ch'ang.
Pu chih ming ching li
Ho ch'u te ch'iu shuang."

This means:—

"White hair three thousand 10-feet;
Because of grief like this long.
Not know bright mirror in
What place get autumn frost";

i.e., "I have grown used to my long, white hair, which is, indeed, a fit symbol of my long years of grief. But suddenly seeing myself in the mirror, I could not, for a moment, understand how my head had come to be covered with white stuff, as though I had been exposed to the autumn frost."

In Li Po's time the poem would have been pronounced, approximately:—

"Bhak pwat san tsien dyang
Iuen dzhiu shi ka dyang.
Pyu työ myang kyang lyi
Gha chyö tek tzhiu siuang."

The Japanese, reading the poem partly in Chinese and partly in their own language, give to it the following sound:—

"Haku hatsu san sen jö
Urei ni yorite kaku no gotoku nagashi.
Shirazu mei kyö no uchi
Izure no tokoro ni ka shü sô wo etaru."

Without the link of written characters, this jumbled transposition could never have prospered; but underneath the flimsy movement of the Japanese particles and auxiliaries is felt the orderly structure of the Chinese quatrain, with its solid ideograms moving five to the line. In this odd mixture of languages the Japanese themselves wrote a considerable quantity of poetry, composing rather in visual units (ideograms) than in units of sound. To the Chinese these Sino-Japanese poems are unintelligible when recited; when read they resemble the English odes that Babus sometimes address to Anglo-Indian officials.

Of Mr. Obata's great merits as a translator I spoke elsewhere when the American edition of his book appeared. His imperfect command of English (he is, as the reader will have gathered, a Japanese) handicaps him more in the short lyric poems than in the long narrative ones. I do not think that his translations are, in themselves, ever quite poetry. But they have the great merit of not being draped with the meretricious appanages of poetry, and this makes them cultural documents of great importance. It would be possible to question occasionally the accuracy both of his translation and his historical and geographical information. I will here only make the general criticism that too frequently and too complacently he accepts the unintelligible. For example, his translation of the poem mentioned above runs:—

"On the face of the bright mirror, I wonder,
Whence has come this hoar frost of autumn!
Ah, my long, long white hair of three thousand *chang*,
Grown so long with the cares of this world!"

Then follows a long commentary which does not tell us why he has transposed the order of the lines nor what he thinks the poem means, but only explains that Li Po's hair was not really 30,000 feet long, this phrase being "an innocent form of poetic indulgence." Considering, however, that Mr. Obata is translating from one foreign language into another, he has achieved a remarkable degree of lucidity and dignity.

ARTHUR WALEY.

THE BRITISH WILDS.

Shetland Pirates; and Other Wild Life Studies. By FRANCES PITT. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

IT is hardly an exaggeration to say that but for Miss Pitt certain wild animals of these islands would not exist. They would be nothing but names, or specimens in a museum, which is much the same thing. She has brought the wilds, the genuine wilds, with her to a publisher's office. What do any of us, on some sort of imaginative terms with zebras, hippopotami, anacondas, Argus pheasants, and lemurs, as we are, know about our British wild cat, our British pine marten and founart, our bonxie and our merlin, all of whom have been Boswellized within the covers of this one volume? Personally, I should be surprised if there are a thousand people in London who know whether the bonxie and the founart are mammals or birds. Controversy upon the relative merits of this and that writer is never quiet, but Miss Pitt, by the nature of her material, has the unique experience of a unanimous tribute. It is bound to be so; she is the explorer of an undiscovered country—our own. I may add that "Shetland Pirates" is her best book; what she has to reveal is more maturely and dexterously presented than in former volumes, and is almost free from lapses in expression like the following: "Leaving the path, we walked on over the short, stunted heather, nowhere more than two or three inches high, through which peeped numbers of the dainty little blue scillas, to the great annoyance of the skuas, which got more and more frantic." As the happy infection of natural history spreads in this country, so the literary infantilism of too many of its writers begins, as fortunately, to decline.

Miss Pitt is only just in time, for much of her living material in this volume is balanced on the razor-edge between

life and annihilation. Our British tiger, as Pennant justly called *Felis silvestris*, who is no relation whatever to the alien domestic cat, is now practically confined to the wildest parts of Ross and Inverness; the merlin, as recently lamented by Mr. Mortimer Batten, hardly exists at all on our moorlands, except by immigration from the Continent, harmless as it is to game; the polecat ranges but little beyond Cardiganshire, where thirty-two were recently trapped within two years, while the pine marten manages to cling precariously to life on the Westmoreland Fells, the Welsh mountains, and in the remoter Highlands. Why is it that you so rarely see, even among enlightened naturalists, any but the feeblest protests against the miserable, the ignoble system that is responsible, even more than private collecting is, for the impoverishment of our countryside? The passion for wild life grows among our city-stifed populations, but there is not much left to satisfy it except little dicky-birds. There is literally not one-word, scientific, moral, practical, or æsthetic, to be said for the ruin of wild nature by game-preservation. What appreciable harm can be done to our coddled game, which brutalize our "sportsmen" by their very tameness and numbers, by allowing those species of native birds and mammals that are extremely rare to live? But no, they must all be utterly destroyed; there must be no respite granted them, that a few more pheasant chicks may be reared to meet the guns. There is, besides—and I speak not from books, but a fairly wide personal experience—no countryman who is so densely and incurably ignorant of the feeding habits of our fauna as the average gamekeeper. But worst, perhaps, of all, is the moral cant that has grown up round this imbecile and merciless system. We class the birds and mammals inimical, or supposed to be inimical, to it as "vermin," whose only offence is to kill for necessity in small numbers what we kill in great for the mere pleasure of killing. And to satisfy this pleasure Britain has been plundered, from end to end, of a possession that cannot be weighed or replaced.

Melancholy, then, must accompany the very different pleasure to be derived from Miss Pitt's studies, whose intimacy makes the strange and unknown familiar to us, so that, when they disappear altogether, it will not be without an epitaph.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

MR. WALPOLE AND OTHERS.

Jeremy and Hamlet. By HUGH WALPOLE. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

The Heretic of Soana. By GERHART HAUPTMANN. (Secker. 6s.)

The Woman of Knockaloe. By SIR HALL CAINE. (Cassell. 5s.)

The Lavender Dragon. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

Heirs Apparent. By SIR PHILIP GIBBS. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

MR. WALPOLE has now written three books about children; therefore it is quite certain that he has not lost interest in that strange, enchanted world wherein he once dwelt. But to be interested is not enough—not enough for the creative artist, that is—he must also be able to get there; he must be able to write *from* there; and to do this a rather peculiar faculty is required, a faculty the possession of which does not in the least imply the possession of any literary gift. Mr. Walpole has this faculty to a certain degree, but only to a certain degree; at times it fails him, and, when it fails him, he is obliged to invent. In "The Golden Scarecrow" he invented nearly everything; he had to travel back too far, and the way was lost; the much less remote world of "Jeremy and Hamlet" he has been able to reach, so we get a chapter like "The Ruffians," chapters (not so remarkable) like "Young Baltimore" or "The Picture-Book." But there are things even in these later stories that belong to Mr. Walpole's present world. Jeremy has been to his first dance. He has fallen in love with a grown-up lady. He is in "the cab rolling homewards" with another lady. "Mrs. Carstairs," he said suddenly, "if I have threepence a week for eight years, and save it all, could I have enough to be married?" Quaint, charming, no doubt—but then Jeremy did not say it, it is Mr. Walpole who says it; and Jeremy did not say it because no schoolboy of ten or eleven ever said it, ever thought it. A boy of

eleven may fall in love, but his loves are not connected with ideas of marriage; nor is his knowledge of life, though it may be oddly defective, defective in this particular way. Mr. Walpole wrote the passage to please the grown-ups, and to round off his story.

These remarks will quite miss their aim, however, if they should lead anyone to suppose that I have not enjoyed the book. I have enjoyed it very much. There are scenes in it that are beautifully true, both finely felt and finely presented, and from the background of contrasted episodes there certainly does emerge the full-length portrait of a boy. There is also the much more simplified portrait of a girl (the spectacled Mary is quite as good as Jeremy), and the portrait of a dog, Hamlet, which is less successful. One cannot help comparing Hamlet with Duke, Penrod's dog. About the unfortunate Duke there was very little said, but every word was creative, was true. That uneasy life of his, so full of surprises frequently unpleasant, was inextricably bound up with his master's. Mr. Walpole's dogs are much less convincing, and the chapter specially devoted to them seems to me to be the weakest in the book.

"The Heretic of Soana" is hardly more than a long short story, but it is among Hauptmann's finest things. It has a glow and a richness that are admirably in keeping with the subject and the luxuriant Italian scene. The title may prove misleading—that is, if one associates heresy with theological preoccupations. Had the book been called "The Triumph of Pan," or even of Priapus, it would have been more suggestive of its actual content, for it is the history of a young priest who turns from Christianity to a wild and sensual paganism, and it is filled with beauty and colour and passionate life. Doubtless, neither in spirit nor in expression is this paganism purely Greek. An Oriental strain has been mixed into it. Nevertheless, it keeps very close to Nature, and the whole thing, in its lyrical unity of tone, is a kind of ecstatic hymn to earth.

Sir Hall Caine's new story, which he calls a parable, is a simple tale of the love of a Manx girl for a German prisoner; what it preaches is a doctrine of universal peace. Mr. Eden Phillpotts also has some views to expound, though they are philosophic rather than religious. The Lavender Dragon is a Socialist, and it must be confessed than one wishes he were not. He is so engaging a beast in his hours of ease, and particularly before he has carried Sir Jasper off to Dragonsville, that his later lectures prove a trifle chilling. There is one delicious sentence on page 36 for which I would gladly barter all of them, but then I have ever preferred Mr. Phillpotts in his lighter vein.

I wonder how often the words "old boy" (varied occasionally to "old lad," "old kid," "old dear," &c.) occur in the dialogue of "Heirs Apparent." They are harmless words, to be sure, but the effect of their repetition, upon one reader at any rate, became at last positively maddening. Yet I do not think it was because of this that I found myself disliking everybody in the book. The manners of these people are so queer. Julian's mother may have "had the look of a great lady," but she certainly has not the breeding of one. And Julian himself, and Audrey, and their friends and relations—what can have happened to them all? I am convinced that Sir Philip Gibbs's picture of contemporary English life must be unflattering.

FORREST REID.

THE CHRIST OF PSYCHOLOGY.

Some Aspects of the Life of Jesus, from the Psychological and Psycho-analytical Point of View. By GEORGES BERGUER. Translated by ELEANOR S. and VAN WYCK BROOKS. (Williams & Norgate. 15s.)

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into touch—with psychology have been disappointing; M. Berguer has succeeded where others have failed. His book is at once exceptionally suggestive and exceptionally significant; it is one which may well give a permanent direction to religious thought. For the maxim "Know thyself" has acquired a new content; there is very much more in the self to know than we supposed.

His modifications of the Freudian terminology will, we may hope, be generally adopted. The *libido* becomes the "élan vital," or life-urge; the *Œdipus* complex that of the family, or the "drama of childhood." The changes at once remove occasion of offence—the unfortunate *Œdipus* complex has handicapped psycho-analysis—and clarify the conceptions dealt with. The impulses in question are rooted in matter, but they strike upwards; in "sublimation" the instinctive life-urge is raised to a higher level; passion is transmuted into love in the ideal and religious sense of the word. The connection with Pauline thought is unmistakable; the expression differs, the substance is the same:—

"Could we not express in almost the same terms the essential conception that religion, and especially Christianity, holds in regard to human life? Instinct, *libido*, the primitive vital urge, seems to exist solely to raise man up to the love of his neighbour in the largest and noblest sense; and, if this sublimation fails to take place, disease, neuroses, madness, in a word, perdition, are at the door. It is a curious thing that we are led back by the study of psycho-analysis to the very terms of which Christianity avails itself to express the fundamental opposition in which human life struggles—*salvation* and *perdition*."

The section on the circumstances of the Nativity of Christ is a typical example of psychological method applied to the sources. From this point of view, as well as from others, the *Vor-Geschichte* of the First and Third Gospels presents insuperable difficulties. If its character were historical, it is obvious that neither the Mother nor the brethren of Jesus, neither the shepherds nor the Magi, could have acted as, according to the subsequent narrative, they did. Christ's kinsmen say of him, "He is beside himself"; the shepherds keep silence; the Magi vanish, and all memory of them is lost. But if we are clearly in the presence of legend, does it follow that we must renounce the poetry of Christmas?—

"By no means. It is here that psychology intervenes to show us the value and the sort of value that can be attributed to legendary tales, to show us what they signify, and how, while they do not belong to exact history, they yet form part of the eternal history of the human soul. Born of the deep, instinctive needs of the heart of the race, legends, myths, and fairy-tales are not merely amusing stories invented at haphazard. Under their fanciful aspect they convey in outline truths that are sometimes more profound than historical verity."

The question of Metaphysics remains. The old, so-called rational Psychology fell under the head of what the schoolmen call *Metaphysica Specialis*. Is it possible that the line of division between Metaphysic and Psychology, as such, is thinner than has been supposed?

A. F.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The British Year-Book of International Law, 1923-24. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton. 16s.)

THIS admirable Year-Book is packed with matter of interest not only to the specialist in international law, but to every serious student of current politics. Among the articles of chief interest to the general reader are those in which Mr. P. J. Baker discusses "The Doctrine of the Legal Equality of States," with special reference to the League of Nations, and Dr. J. M. Spaight examines, not very hopefully, the laws of "Air Bombardment." Mr. Ifor L. Evans writes on "The Protection of Minorities," and Professor A. H. Charteris on "The Mandate over Nauru Island." Sir Cecil Hurst, in answering the question "Whose is the Bed of the Sea?" throws light on several recent controversies; and among other subjects dealt with in articles or notes are International Arbitrations under the Treaty of St. Germain, the Advisory Opinions given in 1922-23 by the Permanent Court of International Justice, and the inclusion of pensions and allowances in the Reparations claim. Historical students will be delighted by Professor Gaskoin's discovery of a hitherto unnoticed series of "Prize Court Notes in the days

of Stowell," and there are other items of great technical interest. In addition to many excellent reviews of outstanding works on international law, there is a very full bibliography, embracing books, periodicals, and official publications in all languages; and a valuable Summary of Events, from May 1st, 1922, to April 30th, 1923, has been prepared by the British Institute of International Affairs, to which the Year-Book is affiliated.

Midwinter: Certain Travellers in Old England. By JOHN BUCHAN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

SAMUEL JOHNSON is indeed *redivivus*. Within the last twelve months he has been reincarnated in a "New Boswell," in a play constructed out of the "Life," and in a series of Cambridge sketches; and now Mr. Buchan introduces him into a racy—and, in parts, thrilling—story of the '45. It is a tempting subject, and Johnsonians have often meditated (sometimes in print) on the Boswellian silence in which the year 1745 is enveloped. If there is anything authentic to be discovered, no doubt Mr. A. L. Reade will give it us in the next part but two of his "Johnsonian Gleanings." Meanwhile, Mr. Buchan is not greatly concerned with authenticity, except in so far as he introduces certain of the *dicta philosophi* into his dialogue. As a matter of fact, Johnson, though he appears a good deal, appears only incidentally. The real *motif* of the book must be sought in the dedication:—

"So I, who love with equal mind
The southern sun, the northern wind,
The lilled lowland water-mead
And the grey hills that cradle Tweed,
Bring you this tale which haply tries
To intertwine our loyalties."

These loyalties are personified in Midwinter, head of a mysterious group of "Spoonbills," and apostle of the Old England "which has outlived Roman and Saxon and Dane and Norman, and will outlast the Hanoverian," and Alastair Maclean, the Jacobite idealist whose adventures fill the book. Mr. Buchan is often sorely torn between his twin loyalties, but it is satisfactory (at any rate to Johnsonians) to note that he comes down on the side of Old England.

A Mind that Found Itself. By CLIFFORD WHITTINGHAM BEERS. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a remarkably interesting book. Mr. Beers is an American. A year or two after leaving Yale he became insane, and was confined both in private and public institutions. His book tells the detailed story of his experiences and of his eventual recovery with rare sincerity, and an even rarer power of self-analysis. The book is also written with a purpose, a purpose which Mr. Beers has steadily pursued, with considerable success, in America ever since his recovery. He has devoted himself to the improvement of the treatment of the insane and of mental hygiene generally. With this object he founded the National Committee for Mental Hygiene in America, a movement which is spreading to other countries.

Official History of Australia in the War.—Vol. VIII., The Australian Flying Corps. By F. M. CUTLACK. (51, High Holborn: British Australasian Book Store. 18s.)

ANOTHER chapter of the immense epic is here recorded with a determination and laconic vigour worthy of the events and the men. "Official" it is, in the sense that it is in every way a scientific work of reference; but any colder intimations that the term so often bears are absent from the stirring story. If the lesson, what war is, still needs teaching, we would suggest for the purpose Mr. Cutlack's description of the bombing of German troops and traffic on the Bapaume roads in March, 1918; or, better still, the whole book.

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way in the enjoyment of music as he did in everything else. People said offensive things to his face, and instead of wincing, as he was expected to do, he received them with a broad grin and the sort of reply that he alone could make. The unsuccessful ironist was thus reduced to telling his friends that O. B. was incredibly thick-skinned, as if there were more virtue in taking offence at trifles than in bearing insult with equanimity. His musical library was certainly unusual in character, for it consisted chiefly of those complete editions of the works of J. S. Bach, Mozart, Palestrina, Orlando Lassus, and others which were published at Leipzig during the course of the last century. He had been one of the first English subscribers to the great Bach-Gesellschaft edition which began to make its appearance in 1851 and took nearly fifty years to reach its completion. For Palestrina and Lassus he had subscribed probably from a sense of public duty. They were not composers in whom he was personally interested, and he presented the volumes to the college library before he left Cambridge. Mozart was in a very different category. He had bought Mozart's works because he loved them, and he knew them from beginning to end.

The chance visitor to one of his Sunday evenings might well have his doubts as to O. B.'s musicianship. There was a very different musical atmosphere from that of certain rooms across the court, where a discreet and well-behaved circle listened to Handel and Brahms on Sunday evenings, or of yet another room where Purcell was almost the only composer admitted. You might, on entering O. B.'s rooms, find two undergraduates ploughing awkwardly through a Mozart concerto on two pianofortes; you might, on the other hand, find a noisy crowd dancing round your host to the strains of "Funiculi, funiculà." When I first began to frequent that circle, the late Mr. Gerard Cobb had just made his great success with his settings of the "Barrack-room Ballads." He was himself a little embarrassed with it. He cherished more serious ambitions, and though never reluctant to perform his own works, he refused politely but quite firmly to oblige an American lady visitor with "Mandalay," and put her off with a subdued and seemingly rendering of "Ford o' Kabul River," to which his prim Victorian drawing-room made a perfectly appropriate background. O. B.'s rooms, hung with Arundel prints, to which he had no doubt subscribed, as to the Bach-Gesellschaft, from a sense of public duty, one could hardly have felt to be Victorian; and his rendering of Mr. Cobb's melodies was anything but subdued. Could this be the same man who appeared to know Otto Jahn by heart, who had indeed bought a large section of Otto Jahn's own library, and could remember the biographical details associated with almost any work of Mozart's that one liked to name? But in spite of Danny Deever, it was Mozart who was at the back of his mind all the time. He would suddenly break off from Mr. Cobb, and call out to the assembled company, "Now you shall have the finest song that ever was written! Fred, where's my copy of 'Figaro'? I must have a second copy to sing from. Now—'Tutto è disposto, l'ora dovrebbe esser vicina'—I say, you must listen to this. Who's it by? Who's it by? Do you mean to tell me you've never heard of Mozart, the greatest composer who ever lived? Yes, of course it's in Italian. What's it about? It's all in abuse of women!" The glee with which the last sentence came out was indescribable. After the interruption, off he started again, declaiming Da Ponte's words with immense enjoyment, though he was apt to get somewhat entangled in the quick passages, and considerably oppressed by the high ones. It did not matter; absurd as it all was, he gave one the spirit of Mozart and Da Ponte better than most opera singers ever manage to do.

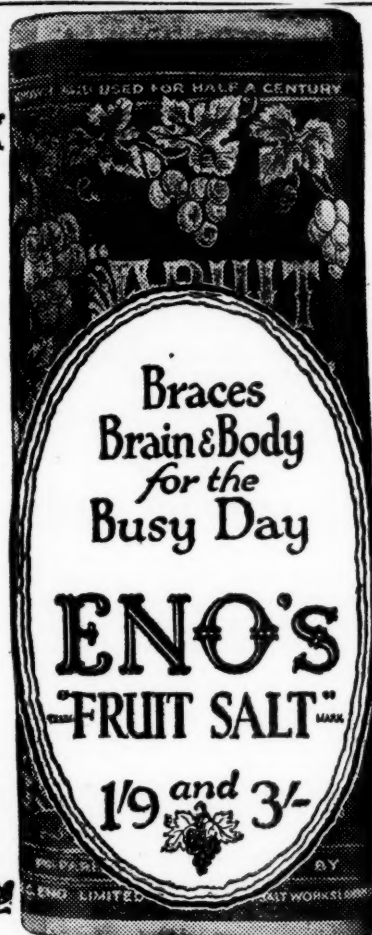
He had no particular desire to be a skilled performer, though music undoubtedly appealed to him more powerfully than any other art. Up to the age of past eighty, he was constantly taking pianoforte lessons; but I think the real reason of this industry was in most cases a desire to help some young pianist in financial difficulties. It was quite unjust to say, as I have sometimes heard it suggested, that he was incapable of read-

ing music. I have often played pianoforte duets with him, and though his technique was as bad as my own, I can at least say that he always came in on the first beat of the bar, whatever happened to the rest of it, and that he never lost his place. One favourite story among those who disapproved of him was that he took a full score with him to a concert and sat with it opened upside down; another related how he came out of a performance of the Choral Symphony remarking loudly that it was "Beethoven's great mistake." Wherever he went he was a conspicuous figure, and as he generally managed to sit in the middle of the front row of the balcony at concerts, his expanse of shirt-front, his red silk handkerchief, and his full score all caught the eye. Yet is there anything odd or reprehensible about taking a full score to a concert, opening it at random, perhaps upside down, and then, when the music begins, changing one's mind and deciding to listen without following the score? As to the criticism on Beethoven, it certainly was not an original remark; but during the lifetime of Sir George Grove it was not considered good form to say such things in public.

O. B. never cared what was the correct thing to say. It was his intellectual honesty that frightened lesser minds. He knew what was essential and what was accidental. For that reason he could put up with his own performances, and with the performances of amateurs in general, as long as they were intelligent. The undergraduates wrestling with a Mozart quartet were immaterial; what he heard and enjoyed was Mozart's music. And so he was perfectly happy, sitting with a friend and working his way steadily through all Mozart's symphonies and quartets as duets for pianoforte, or taking the violin sonatas and himself playing the violin part on a curious instrument which I can never associate with anyone but him. It was a small harmonium of unusual shape, with a compass of about three or four octaves, and a tone of peculiar unpleasantness. O. B. possessed three of these, if I remember right. They had been originally invented with the idea of replacing missing wind instruments in amateur orchestras, and they were supposed to reproduce the quality of tone of the oboe, clarinet, and bassoon. What they are called in the musical instrument trade I do not know; Cambridge christened them obeophones. Nor do I know what became of them when O. B. left Cambridge and sold his furniture.

It was music, and above all Mozart's music, that was his chief delight during his last years in Rome. To anyone who had known him in his Cambridge surroundings it was a shock to see him in a little fifth-floor flat, with nothing on the walls beyond a few photographs and pictures torn from illustrated papers; while books and papers lay about in confusion among shabby and rickety chairs and tables. Could one expect a man of eighty to start collecting pictures and furniture afresh? Some people would have done so. For O. B. the pianoforte and the four desks were enough. Every Monday afternoon his quartet came to play to him, four young Italians from the orchestra of the Augusteo. It was a pleasure to him and an education to them, for he made them read quartets of Beethoven and Mozart which they had never seen before. "I never saw such a hopelessly unmusical place as Rome," he said. "I'm trying to convert them to Mozart, but I don't think the Romans have ever heard of him!" One afternoon in July of last year I heard these four young men read an early quartet of Beethoven, and watched them as the meaning of the unfamiliar phrases dawned on their quick Italian intelligences. It was an unusual interpretation, but a very vital one. Beethoven seemed to have written tunes almost as glorious as Verdi's. They said goodbye; they were off to the seaside for their holiday, and taking their instruments with them. O. B. told me their history, and how he had picked them out and made them into a quartet. It was his own creation, and they promised to develop into a really fine quartet, for their leader was a boy of remarkable personality and talent. A fortnight later I read in a paper that he had been drowned while bathing.

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"The grey
Is somewhat mingled with our younger brown,"

I could not help wondering if Mr. Holmes would stand the test; and not Holmes only, but Dr. Watson, the enormous suburbia of Baker Street, the dingy science, the trashy "social atmosphere," how would they support

"The two hours' traffic of the stage" now that disillusioned maturity was seated in the stalls? For my own part, at any rate, they stood the test triumphantly, and Mr. Holmes was as enthralling, as unique as ever. No doubt the onlooker had, to a certain extent, to start out *à la recherche du temps perdu* to capture a vanishing perfume; but the journey, once made, was not made in vain. Back, at last, in Baker Street, we are as welcome as ever in the friendly, stuffy rooms. This is the important thing.

It is only in melodramas like "Sherlock Holmes" that we can still savour the full-blooded tang of Elizabethan tea. The construction and the psychology—all is there. Mr. Milverton, the blackmailer, on entering the room, announces to the audience and someone else on the stage at the moment that he is the greatest blackguard in Europe. Iago pursues much the same course, and so does the Jew of Malta. It may be argued that such conduct is æsthetically sound. A play is one of the most condensed forms of literary art, the form in which the greatest sacrifice has to be made to essentials. By not pretending to be anything but blackguards, Iago, Barabbas, and Milverton are able to give a display of blackguardism which becomes æsthetically satisfying. And so with all the other characters in the play. Mr. Holmes remarks that he is the most subtle of mortals, Colonel Sebastian Moran that he sticks at nothing, the boy Cartwright that he is the brightest boy in the world. The most inopportune moments are always chosen for these displays of introspection. They seem to be truer than life. Even in methods of comic relief the melodrama follows the Elizabethans. In "Sherlock Holmes" the grotesque working-men, who behave so fantastically that they seem hardly human, and yet somehow represent the rough-and-tumble of humanity, descend straight from Shakespeare and Dekker.

"Sherlock Holmes" is a good play. It went with a swing, and is full of well-constructed incident. Mr. Norwood was magnificent in the title rôle. I was not quite happy with the Dr. Watson of Mr. H. G. Stoker, amusing as he was. He was rather too modern in his impercipient, the dense military man of to-day, not the bewhiskered slow-wit who lived before Baker Street was improved out of recognition. The arch-villain Colonel Sebastian Moran, who for some reason or other was got up as Lord Rothermere, was from

the constructional view the weak spot in the piece. He boasted that he was not only the friend, but the spiritual descendant of Dr. Moriarty. But he was an unworthy heir. To be quite frank, a stupider man I have rarely met. Over and over again he held all the cards, but muffed it each time. A word of praise must be reserved for the boy Cartwright of Master Victor Evans. But what a wonderful creation is Holmes! How full he is of sadness and history, symbolizing, as he does, all the dead civilization of the '90's! It was almost a blasphemy when he went to the telephone, or used a motor instead of a hansom-cab. Would it not be better to stage him frankly in "Period"? There is something about him as ineffably antiquated as even the methods of Scotland Yard.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE

A VOLUME of "Letters of Lord Chesterfield to Lord Huntingdon," the originals of which have been preserved and lately brought to notice at Loudoun Castle, is to be issued by the Medici Society on the 25th. They are of a more or less intimate character, were written chiefly before 1761, and, as they were addressed to Huntingdon during his travels in France and Spain, they contain Chesterfield's comments on Continental character and manners.

DESPITE the fame of the Strawberry Hill Press, Horace Walpole's manuscript "Journal of the Printing Office" has waited until now. It is announced in a handsome and limited edition, under the care of Dr. Paget Toynbee and with his annotations, by Messrs. Constable.

THE eighteenth century is evidently fashionable with investigators at the moment, nor can its quarto poetry much longer escape the collectors. Mr. Iolo Williams has drawn up "Six Bibliographies of the Eighteenth Century," those, namely, of Goldsmith, Collins, Akenside, Shenstone, Sheridan, and Armstrong. To each author he also devotes an essay. An anthology of the short poems of the "age of reason," made by the same hand, should appear this season from Messrs. Heinemann.

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER's poetical works are being produced in collected uniformity, by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson. The first two volumes include his previous selection of "Poems, 1908-1914," together with the chosen majority of those which he wrote from 1915 to 1922. In the spring two volumes of his plays will be added to the set, which is to comprise his future verse in its turn. Besides the general edition, there is the customary signed and limited one.

THE approaching Byron centenary casts its shadow before—at least, in the publishing proposals. The Florence Press anthology, "Poems of Lord Byron," selected and prefaced by Professor Grierson, will be ready early with Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Messrs. Routledge have in preparation a collection of commemorative essays by various distinguished writers, under the editorship of Mr. W. A. Briscoe. "Byron in England: his Fame and After Fame" (Murray) is a survey of criticism, parody, and similar matters affecting Byron during the past hundred years. Professor S. C. Chew has made this study with great minuteness.

"THE TACTICS AND STRATEGY OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH," by Mr. Belloc, is to be published early in 1924 by Messrs. Arrowsmith.

THIRTEEN volumes of the "Heroes of the Nations" series are to be published by Messrs. Putnam shortly at 7s. 6d. each; they will be followed by others of the more popular studies in that group.

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FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Oct.
Sun. 21. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"The Mysteries of Religion," Mr. C. Delisle Burns.
Indian Students' Union (112, Gower Street), 5.—
"Race Relationships," Mr. J. H. Oldham.
Mon. 22. University College, 5.—"The Problem of Teaching Spoken English to Foreigners," Miss H. M. Holdsworth.
King's College, 5.30.—"Camoës as an Epic Poet," Prof. E. Prestage.
King's College, 5.30.—"Foreign Influences in Czechoslovak Civilization," Dr. O. Vocadlo.
Tues. 23. King's College, 5.30.—"The Great Masters of the Cinquecento," Lecture II., Prof. P. Dearmer.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Foreign Policy of Italy, 1871-1914," Lecture III., Prof. G. Salvemini.
King's College, 5.30.—"Russia before Peter the Great," Lecture III., Sir Bernard Pares.
University College, 5.30.—"The Care of School-Children's Eyesight," Mr. Percy Flemming.
Zoological Society, 5.30.—"On Acceleration of Metamorphoses of Frog-Tadpoles," Mr. E. A. Spaul; and other Papers.
Royal Anthropological Institute (Royal Society Rooms), 8.15.—"The Discovery of an Unknown Race, the Calchaqui of Central America," Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges.
Wed. 24. University College, 3.—"Problems of the 'Inferno,'" Barlow Lecture II., Prof. E. G. Gardner.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Biological Foundations of Society," Lecture II., Prof. A. Dendy.
University College, 5.30.—"Illustration of Books," Mr. T. G. Hill.
Central Hall, Westminster, 8.30.—"The Near East Refugee Question," Dr. Fridtjof Nansen.
Thurs. 25. King's College, 5.30.—"Outlines of Byzantine, Near Eastern, and Modern Greek History," Lecture III., Prof. A. J. Toynbee.
London School of Economics, 5.30.—"Diversity in Unity: Russia and Europe," Baron A. Meyendorff.
University College, 5.30.—"The Evolution of British Empire Defence," Major-General Sir George Aston.
Fri. 26. English Association (London School of Economics), 5.15.—"Sir Walter Scott," Mr. John Buchan.
University College, 5.15.—"Factory Life as It Is and as It Might Be," Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree.
King's College, 5.30.—"Shakespeare and the Historical Novel," Prof. E. Bernbaum.
King's College, 5.30.—"Austria-Hungary, 1526-1867," Lecture IV., Prof. R. W. Seton-Watson.
Essex Hall, 8.—"Crown Colonies under a Labour Government," Mr. Leonard Woolf.

THE WEEK'S BOOKS

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

PHILOSOPHY.

- BARTLETT (F. C.). Psychology and Primitive Culture. Cambridge Univ. Press, 8/6.
DULLEY (William). Body, Soul, and Spirit: an Attempt to Portray the Human Mind. Heath Cranton, 7/6.
*JONES (Ernest). Essays in Applied Psycho-Analysis. International Psycho-Analytical Press and Allen & Unwin, 18/-.
*PERCE (Charles S.). Chance, Love, and Logic: Philosophical Essays. Kegan Paul, 18/6.
RHEBANY (Abraham Mitrie). Wise Men from the East and from the West. Melrose, 9/-.
STRONG (Charles Augustus). A Theory of Knowledge. Constable, 6/-.
RELIGION.

- HALL (W. Winslow). Hebrew Illumination: a Study in Essential Religion. Daniel, 15/-.
*MATHIESON (William Law). English Church Reform, 1815-40. Longmans, 10/6.
*PERRY (W. J.). The Origin of Magic and Religion. Methuen, 5/-.
FULLAN (Dr. Leighton). Religion since the Reformation. Oxford Univ. Press, 12/6.
RAMSAY (E. M.). Christian Science and its Discoverer. Cambridge, Heffer (Simpkin & Marshall), 4/-.
*ROYDEN (A. Maude). Beauty in Religion. Putnam, 3/6.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- CECIL (Lord Robert). The Moral Basis of the League of Nations: Essex Hall Lecture. Lindsey Press, 1/-.
*COLE (G. D. H.). Labour in the Coal-Mining Industry, 1914-21. Carnegie Endowment (Milford), 7/6.
CREW (Albert), CRESWELL (W. T.), and HUNTINGS (Arthur). Rates and Ratings. Pitman, 7/6.
JONES (ROSALIE). The American Standard of Living and World Co-operation. Boston and New York, Cornhill Publishing Co., \$5.
*LEES-SMITH (H. B.). Second Chambers in Theory and Practice. Allen & Unwin, 7/6.
*LOCH (Sir Charles Stewart). A Great Ideal and its Champion: Papers and Essays. Allen & Unwin, 4/6.
MATTEN (Johannes). Bavaria and the Reich: the Conflict over the Law for the Protection of the Republic. Baltimore, Md., Johns Hopkins Press, \$1.25.
*MORELAND (W. H.). From Akbar to Aurangzeb: a Study in Indian Economic History. Macmillan, 15/5.

- *NANSEN (Dr. Fridtjof). Russia and Peace. Allen & Unwin, 5/-.
PENTY (Arthur J.). Towards a Christian Sociology. Allen & Unwin, 6/-.
*PELLIPSON (Coleman). Three Criminal Law Reformers: Beccaria, Bentham, Romilly. Dent, 18/-.
RHINE. The Naked Truth: being Revelations from the Rhine. By a Briton on the Spot. Onseley, 1/6.
*SIMON (Leon) and STEIN (Leonard). Awakening Palestine. Murray, 7/6.
ULSTER. Handbook of the Ulster Question. Issued by the North-Eastern Boundary Bureau. Maps. Dublin, Eason & Son, 2/6.

EDUCATION.

- BYGOTT (John). Eastern England. An Economic Geography. Il. Routledge, 6s.
CHAMBERS'S STEPPING-STONES TO LITERATURE. Book I. Stories from Near and Far. Il. Chambers.
COMPTON (W. C.) and FREEMAN (C. E.), eds. Caesar: Book III. of the Civil War. Introd. by Hugh Last. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.
DUNNICLIFF (H. B.). Practical Chemistry for High Schools. Macmillan, 5s.
*HARTLEY (C. Gascoigne). Mother and Son: a Psychological Study of Character Formation in Children. Nash & Grayson, 7/6.
NELSON'S ARITHMETIC PRACTICE. Teachers' Books, I. and II. 1/2 each.—Pupil's Book, Part II. 10d. Nelson.
NELSON'S HISTORY PRACTICE. Part II.: Milestones of History. Nelson, 1s. 3d.
NELSON'S LITERATURE PRACTICE. Part II. Nelson, 1s. 3d.
SEERS (A. Waddingham). The Story of Early English Travel and Discovery. Il. Harrap, 2s. 6d.
SHOWAN (P. B.). Citizenship and the School (Cambridge Handbooks for Teachers). Cambridge Univ. Press, 7/6.
SMITH (William). Elementary Agricultural Science. Il. Oliver & Boyd, 3s.
TAGORE (Rabindranath) and ANDREWS (C. F.). The Visvabharat. Madras, Natesan & Co., 1s.
TREBLE (H. A.), ed. English Romantic Poems. Chambers, 2/8.

SCIENCE.

- BUXTON (P. A.). Animal Life in Deserts: a Study of the Fauna in relation to the Environment. Il. Arnold, 10/6.
*CAMPBELL (Norman R.). Modern Electrical Theory: Supplementary Chapters: the Structure of the Atom. Cambridge Univ. Press, 10/-.
*NUNN (T. Percy). Relativity and Gravitation: an Elementary Treatise upon Einstein's Theory. Univ. of London Press, 6/-.
SCHROEDER (Henry). History of Electric Light. 96 Il. Washington, Smithsonian Institution.

FINE ARTS.

- BRITISH ARTISTS. Edited by S. C. Kaines Smith. Morland and Ibbetson. By B. L. K. Henderson.—Wilson and Farington. By Frank Rutter.—Crome. By S. C. Kaines Smith. Il. P. Allan, 5/- each.
CASSELL'S GEMS OF ART SERIES. Joshua Reynolds. By Frank Rutter.—Greuze. By Beatrice A. Waldram.—G. F. Watts. By E. Rimbault Dibdin.—Rembrandt. By J. B. Manson. Cassell, 3/6 each.
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WETHERED (Newton). Medieval Craftsmanship and the Modern Amateur, with Reference to Metal and Enamel. Il. Longmans, 10/6.
WRIGHT (W. H.). The Future of Painting. Lane, 5/-.
LITERATURE.

- HOUGHTON (Ralph E. C.). The Influence of the Classics on the Poetry of Matthew Arnold. Oxford, Blackwell, 2/8.
KIPLING CALENDAR. Hodder & Stoughton, 3/6.
*LUCAS (E. V.). Lack of the Year. Methuen, 6/-.
MORTON (J. B.). Old Man's Beard. P. Allan, 5/-.
NATHAN (George Jean). The World in Falsehood. Lane, 7/6.
*RALEIGH (Sir Walter). Some Authors: a Collection of Literary Essays, 1896-1916. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 15/-.
*SAINTSBURY (George). Collected Essays and Papers, 1875-1920. 3 vols. Dent, 31/8.
*SARAWAK (Ranee Margaret, of). Impromptus. Arnold, 5/-.
SUTCLIFFE (Emerson Grant). Emerson's Theories of Literary Expression. Urbana, Ill., Univ. of Illinois Press, \$1.50.
VILLIERS (Elizabeth). The Mascot Book. Il. Werner Laurie, 5/-.
POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- AIKMAN (J. R.). My Garden; and Other Poems. Burns & Oates, 3/-.
BLUNT (Wilfrid Scawen). Poems. Macmillan, 7/6.
CANNAN (May Wedderburn). The House of Hope. Woodcuts by Phyllis Gardner. Milford, 4/6.
*CHINESE POETRY. Works of Li-Po, the Chinese Poet. Done into English Verse by Shigeyoshi Obata. Dent, 10/6.
CONVERSE (Florence). Garments of Praise: a Miracle Cycle. Dent, 5/-.
CROSBY (Gordon), ed. Every Man's Book of Sacred Verse. Mowbray, 4/8.
*DAVIES (Wm. H.). True Travellers: a Tramps' Opera, in Three Acts. Il. by Wm. Nicholson. Cape, 7/6.
DEUTSCH (Babette) and YARMOLINSKY (Avraham), eds. and trs. Contemporary German Poetry: an Anthology.—Modern Russian Poetry: an Anthology. Lane, 5/- each.
DOUGLAS (Sholto O. G.). Ungodly Jingles. Elkin Mathews, 5/-.
DUFFY (W. A.). Shaded Lights. Heath Cranton, 3/6.
ECHLIN (Gladys). The Thief; and Other Poems. Elkin Mathews, 3/6.
FORSTER (R. H.). A Devonshire Garden (Life and Colour Series, 18). Cape, 2/8.
*GREENWOOD (Sir George). Lee, Shakespeare, and a Tertium Quid. Palmer, 5/-.
*MATTHEWS (Brander). Playwrights on Playmaking; and Other Studies of the Stage. Scribner, 10/6.
*NICOLL (Allardyce). An Introduction to Dramatic Theory. Harrap, 5/-.
*PIRANDELLO (Luigi). Three Plays. Dent, 10/6.
ROCKEY (Nettie). The Streets of Nazareth; and Other Poems. R.T.S., 2/6.
THOMAS (Edward J.), tr. Vedic Hymns. Tr. from the Rigveda. Murray, 3/6.
WADE (Leita A.). Plays from Browning. Boston and New York, Cornhill Publishing Co., \$2.
*WALEY (Arthur), tr. The Temple; and Other Poems. Allen & Unwin, 6/-.
WRIGHT (S. Fowler). Poets of Merseyside: an Anthology of Present-Day Liverpool Poetry. Merton Press, 2/8.

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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

ECONOMY—THE POUND AND INFLATION—4 PER CENTS. AT 80.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer seems really to have more scope for effecting economies in public expenditure than he seems to imply. Some of the estimates for the current financial year showed an increase on the amount actually spent on the same services in 1922-23. For defence purposes, for instance, this year's estimate of £122 millions goes against £111 millions spent last year. Civil expenditure of about £251 millions compares with £287 in 1922-23, but the higher figure includes some £30 millions paid to the railways, and £17 millions on other war liquidation payments. So that really Civil Services are also calling for more during the current period. The following is a comparison in round figures with 1913-14:—

	1913-14	1923-24
	(in £1,000,000's).	
Consolidated Fund Services ...	37	380
Defence ...	78	122
Civil Services ...	53	251
Customs, Excise, Inland Revenue ...	4	12
Post Office ...	25	51
Total ...	197	816

Prices are now about 70 per cent. above the 1914 level. Included in the above Civil Service figures are two important new items (against 1914), namely War Pensions (a diminishing quantity) £73 millions and "unclassified services" £61 millions. The latter seems capable of reduction, but there is still an amount left which is between two and three times as high as before the war. For 1919-20 expenditure came to £1,665,000,000, against which the current year's estimate is £816,000,000 or roughly half. But in the meantime prices have also halved, which seems to lessen the degree to which real economies have been effected and heighten the apparent influence of a falling price-level.

The recent dip in the dollar value of sterling followed a speech by Sir Montague Barlow in which he was reported as having spoken favourably of inflationist measures for the alleviation of unemployment. On this account the weakness of the New York rate was attributed in many quarters to a disturbance of foreign balances in London, either for the purpose of buying American dollars or some other currency—the reason being the anticipated fall in the commodity value of sterling. Press comments seem to have paid more attention to the weakness of the New York rate than to the question of unsettling the stability of the pound. It is the latter which is of sole importance.

Until the pound does depreciate in commodity value, the significance of a fall in the sterling dollar exchange is merely that of an indicator of what the foreign owners of sterling balances or the speculators (who are often wrong) think will happen. The only time for deploring a fall in the New York rate of exchange is when it really means that the commodity value of the pound is falling. It is the stability of British currency which is of paramount importance, and which should therefore guide our monetary policy.

It seems a far cry from Mr. Henry Ford to the question of British monetary policy. Mr. Ford may never become President of the United States. But if he had his way in currency matters his influence would be of very great importance. He is reputed to have no use for the gold standard, and shares with Mr. Edison the honour of sponsoring such inflationist devices as a "commodity basis for money," whereby fresh currency would be issued on the basis of wheat, cotton, tobacco, and so forth. Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison possess names to conjure with in the States, and it is easy to under-

stand why the popular ear should be readily turned to anything they may say on money matters, even though their fame has been achieved in quite different spheres. The significance of Mr. Ford's possible candidature for the Presidency lies in the degree to which unsound financial schemes may become the subject of serious political pressure. If, as a result of an inflationist programme in America, the commodity value of gold should depreciate, this country would reap an advantage (provided the £ sterling were kept stable) in the shape of a lightening of the burden of its American debt. The New York rate of exchange would also tend to rise to parity with the dollar. But if American prices were then to go on rising it would be most important that we should still stick to a policy of stability of the pound, if we wished on our part to avoid the evil effects of first a boom and then a slump in trade.

The business of setting Hungary on her feet on the lines of the Austrian plan seems at last to be making headway. Hitherto the stumbling block has been the French refusal to suspend the Reparation liability, which is a condition precedent to the League of Nations scheme of reconstruction. But according to the "Times" Paris correspondent, the Reparation Commission now seems willing to waive its prior claims on Hungarian assets. As in the case of Austria, there is some opposition in Hungary to foreign financial control, and difficulty may be experienced in reaching a formula which will satisfy the Little Entente but which will not aid the Hungarian Nationalist extremists in fanning the flame of objection to a point where the success of the reconstruction scheme would be endangered. No greater encouragement is needed for pressing on with the scheme than the spectacle of what financial reform based on outside help in place of violence has already done for Austria.

For some little time the investment markets have been moving within narrow limits, and they now show no decided tendency upwards or downwards. Perhaps prices are, if anything, inclined to advance. But there is very little in it. Probably the nearest approach to a regular free market is in 4 per cent. stocks at or around 80, at which they would show a flat yield of 5 per cent. In these there seem to be as many people who think it time to sell as there are who think the yield good enough for a purchase. A few examples appear below:—

FOUR PER CENT. STOCKS AROUND 80.

Stock.	Price.
London and N.E. 4% 2nd Guaranteed ...	82½
London and N.E. 2nd Preference ...	81½
London, Midland and Scottish 4% Preference ...	82½
London Electric 4% Preference ...	81
Canadian Pacific 4% Non-cumulative Preference...	81
Buenos Ayres Great Southern 4% Debentures ...	81
Buenos Ayres Western 4% Debentures ...	80
Central Argentine 4% Debentures ...	79

Owing to the fact that the underwriters were compelled to take up a considerable portion of the stock when it was issued (under good auspices) something under twelve months ago, the price of Buenos Ayres Central Railway 2nd Mortgage Debentures was inclined to dwindle from the start. It has now reached a level which will make the stock look cheap to those who are not averse to taking a fair risk for the sake of a good yield, and are not frightened by the fall in the Argentine dollar. Dealings have been taking place at around 65 against an issue price of 74½, and the yield on the present basis is £7 13s. 10d. in interest only, and £8 6s. 11d. allowing for redemption at par (by 1 per cent. cumulative sinking fund) in 1949.

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